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# NEW MASSES

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# HIGH-HATTING THE BRITISH

**Behind the trade negotiations**

*by VIRGINIA GARDNER*

# YOUR STAKE IN LABOR'S BATTLE

*by THE EDITORS*

***In this Issue:***

HARLOW SHAPLEY

HOWARD FAST

MILLEN BRAND

ALFRED KREYMBORG

WILLIAM GROPPER

LEWIS MERRILL

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

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# BETWEEN OURSELVES

IT IS not easy to feel a close personal warmth to an individual one has never seen, and who lived before him. Mental images are often false, and inevitably superficial. The exception in our case is John Reed, whose tremendous capacity as a human being seems to serve as a standard which places him far ahead of the usual figure one reads about in the customary academic history books, or whose stature is discovered later.

Little incidents about Reed are indicative. A Westerner (Portland, O.), born of well-to-do but not rich parents, he wound up with Harvard as his college. He had been there only several days when he approached Bob Hallowell (the artist who later did the famous portrait whose original is still at Harvard) and suggested that they collaborate on a book about the university. Hallowell insisted neither of them knew anything about it. Reed's retort was that maybe not, but they would find out —*doing* the book. The book was never done, but Reed's reporter's instinct was already beginning to show itself.

Later, of course, he joined the *Masses* as an editor. Then the famous Paterson strike, on which he worked practically full time, eventually turning to the pageant which finally became one of the most noteworthy early events in Madison Square Garden. . . . In 1913 he went to Mexico, when Villa had crossed the border and American magazines and newspapers recognized the need for correspondents. There, Reed, who came to be close to Villa, saw the need for genuine Mexican independence. Villa, too, wanted his country to be free, so they understood one another. One of Reed's most vital contributions throughout his life was that he realized what he saw was not only an experience for himself, but must be translated into human terms if it were to be of any value. This was true of his poetry and fiction, as well as his reportage.

Reed saw the first world war and what was behind it. When he wrote his *Ten Day That Shook the World,* he knew what he was about. He had been in Russia and had seen the Revolution not only as reporter, but by this time as a man, mature and decisive, who could stand and not be afraid of one of the greatest events ever to occur. Further, a man who could write about it as it deserved.

For these and other facets of his character, which will be talked about and dramatized—not that Reed needs dramatizing—we hope you will be present at the meeting which NM is sponsoring on October 12, Manhattan Center. Tickets are on sale at our office (104 E. 9th St.), at the bookshops (Workers', 50 E. 13th St.), Jefferson School, 575 Sixth Ave.

AS FOR our this week's contributors: Harlow Shapley is dean of Harvard University's Observatory. He is well known as an astronomer, and an active worker in the Independent Committee of Arts, Sciences and Professions. . . . Lewis Merrill should not even have to stand up for a bow. He is president of the United Office and Professional Workers-CIO, and a regular NM columnist. . . . Howard Fast's most recent novel is *Freedom Road.* . . . Alfred Kreymborg, in addition to his reputation as poet, can add another as chess champion. . . .

THIS "tail-end of the hurricane" weather—or whatever the scientists call it—prevalent around New York these last few days, reminds us of our favorite George Price cartoon: the one with the "'Taint a fit night out for man or beast" caption. We question whether the atomic bomb had anything to do with present atmospheric conditions, but whatever did, certainly laid out a few of NM's usually hardy staff members. Betty Millard, that one with the red hair and alert eye, is fighting a flu bug she developed last week; Virginia Shull, our managing editor, crawled to the printer's on press day with a variety of sciatica; NM's proofreader caved in just before the week-end load of galleys came up; and something—we aren't just sure what—happened to the copyholder of the printer's proofreader (that last is remindful of the "daughter of my aunt" in our first year language books).

*All this is to prepare you for the ugly* possibility of typos this week. Maybe you have flu yourself—in which case a few extra "e's" won't matter too much.

M. DE A.


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NEW MASSES
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# HIGH-HATTING THE BRITISH

## By VIRGINIA GARDNER

*Washington*

THE key to the entire question of our adopting an enlightened policy of self-interest toward the British request for from three to six billion dollars—and an enlightened policy means giving the billions, not lending them—is Congress. This is what I am told by a responsible official who is close to the picture of British-American negotiations.

This does not mean that the people in our government involved in the parleys, or in making policy on international trade and financing, are agreed. They are agreed that loans are needed, but not on how much, or over what length of time the loan should be amortized. As usual, some of the people in the State Department are taking a much more conservative approach, to put it mildly, than those in the Treasury, in the Foreign Economic Administration and elsewhere, and even there, differences of opinion exist. But, it is expected, these elements will get together and support a decent program.

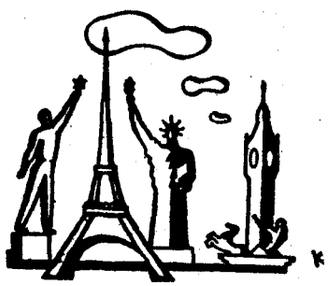
The Wall Street crowd, interestingly enough, favors giving Britain a grant. These are the same gentlemen who opposed so strenuously, and yet with such subtlety, the Bretton Woods proposal for the International Bank and Stabilization Fund. This does not mean that there are not some among them, I am informed, who want to kick England in the face now that she is down (economically). But on the whole, they will give the nod to the men in Congress who are susceptible to their nods, if a project to refinance Britain through her critical next three years comes before Congress.

If anything substantial at all is done, it must go through Congress, as there isn't any money earmarked that could be used for the purpose. The Export-Import Bank, even with the expanded capital authorized by Congress on the President's recommendation before the recess, has a piddling total of $2,800,000,000. And FEA Chief Leo Crowley took great pains to announce that he had committed one billion of this to the Soviet Union—thereby, I suppose, hoping to forestall further discussion of adequate loans to the Soviet Union.

But the Bretton Woods legislation passed Congress despite the bankers of Wall Street, who gave in only at the end and offered their support in mincing terms when they saw they were beaten anyway. Just so, a green light from Wall Street is not going to assure passage of legislation providing a grant to Britain. There are too many midwestern isolationists, too many decrepit old Republican reactionaries who should have been retired long ago, depending on the reactionary interests they have served to keep them in, but clinging to their seats in Congress with fear and trembling, and who look from the British Labor Party's victory to CIO's PAC with increased alarm.

Didn't the aged, shuffling Rep. Charles F. Gifford of Massachusetts ask a witness—the Pappy O'Daniel protege, the Aexas unemployment compensation official, Claude Williams: "Do you read the CIO *News?*" No, the witness stammered guiltily, not knowing what to expect; apparently, he didn't. "Well, I do," Gifford said gloomily. "I read it regularly. And they have an editorial in there this week I don't think is very—well, I don't like its approach. It suggests Congressmen better bring pillows back with them from their vacations. The implication is there, Mr. Chairman. Now I just don't think that's very nice," he finished petulantly. The CIO is strong in Gifford's district.

But Mr. Gifford and others are not willing to bow to the inevitable. Apparently they prefer the risk of being kicked out by labor where it is strong in their districts—with or without pillows—to yielding one inch to popular demands now. So they regard Britain as something in a sense more frightening than Russia, because they can conceive of it's happening right here.



SO REPRESENTATIVES Harold Knutson (R., Minn.), Clare Hoffman (R., Mich.), Roy Woodruff (R., Mich.) and others spoke up as the British parleys began, and if Lords Keynes and Halifax have not been aware that these gentlemen were just anti-British all during the war, as well as anti-Russian, they must have been rather dazed. It didn't take an economist to figure out that the United Kingdom was broke, said Knutson, but for that matter so were all the United Nations, he said. "If the British Treasury is in such a precarious position," he said, "why do the majority of the voters of the United Kingdom go to the polls at the recent election and vote to have the government take over the coal mines, the utilities, transportation and the banking system, not to mention old age assistance?" He asked where they thought the money to pay for this was coming from, and if the American people were to be asked "to finance the socialism of the United Kingdom." And then in a flash of inspiration strongly redolent of the Chicago *Tribune* (so far as I know the *Tribune* reporters here do not personally write speeches for anyone outside of Illinois, unless it's Indiana) Knutson compared "this journey into Utopia" with the Boston Tea Party. To finance Britain in socialism would be, he declared on the House floor, tantamount to taxation without representation.

Without alluding to Knutson or the others by name, the President at his press conference last week labelled as "perfectly silly" the charge that the British were asking that we finance the socialization of the United Kingdom. He then went on to say that the British have every right to have the kind of government they want and it is none of our business, so long as it is friendly to



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us. This excellent statement represents policy which is hardly being carried out in Bulgaria, Italy, et al. But at any rate, it apparently had a healthy effect on Congress.

My informant put the difference between the Knutsons et al. and the bankers, like this: "The bankers are more realistic. They are not worried. But the people out in the grass roots states may be worried—because their Congressmen are seeing far greater differences than actually exist between Attlee, Bevin & Co., and the Churchill government." The bankers opposed the Bretton Woods proposal "primarily because they were afraid of the Soviet Union."

"And does this mean they will not be afraid it sets a precedent, when it comes to making loans to other countries—to Russia, to France, and so on—and in the treatment in general of countries sympathetic to the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and others?"

We must not be fooled into thinking that because the bankers were taking the right attitude toward England, even for the wrong motives, they will not fight loans to other countries they don't like ideologically. "They still are Red-baiters, and they are just as afraid as ever. They are simply willing to take a gamble, though—they're risking making it harder to oppose other loans, in order to support England."

The nature of the problem is such that if we should lend Britain large sums, the amortization plus interest would be so great that she could not swing it, he explained. We would simply be postponing the solution of the plight of the British government. In other words, we must deal with the root of the problem—insofar as it can be dealt with now under capitalism—or make what would be simply a pretense at a commercial loan. Britain's world indebtedness is from fourteen to sixteen billion dollars.

In tackling the problem, we cannot think just in terms of our getting markets away from Britain. Even Rep. Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.), reflected the market-grabbing point of view when he stressed that "we must find markets" for ten percent of our production to make full employment possible, and set forth a program to which Britain must adhere to *before* we pledge her a dollar. After all, Britain has been our best customer. It is the peace of the world that is at stake, not the biggest grab for Pacific or European or South American markets, with the United States and the United Kingdom pitted against each other as rival imperialists. If we begin traveling down that road, there can't be international peace.

"Get this, Britain is not going to lie down. If we are going to pursue a policy with her of squeezing out her life blood—because she has to export or die—she will take it fighting. It will be a matter of survival. She will exploit the dollar pool so many Congressmen are waxing indignant over now, and her sterling bloc. She has no intention of quitting, any more than she quit under the Nazi blitz when she wasn't prepared."

(Lord Halifax told reporters that Britain was unprepared for the sudden ending of the Japanese war and with it lend-lease. The British people, he said dryly, with their standard of living cut twenty percent, found little comfort in reading that Americans were to have new cars and refrigerators, and women's nylon stockings by November.)

BRITAIN's debts are to her colonies and dependencies, to the sterling area, plus Argentina and Portugal and India. She owes nothing to Canada because Canada gave Britain what she wanted as part of the Canadian contribution to the war. The United Kingdom cannot keep on servicing her financial deals—paying interest and part of the principal—and at the same time increase her exports to fifty percent more than they were in 1938, which must be her minimum achievement. Realistically, the United Kingdom should double her imports in order to handle the balance of her program.

In other words, she must have enough to straighten out her international indebtedness, and to tide her over the next three years as she gets into peacetime economy. Then she would hope to balance her exports with her imports and work out a proper solution on a long-term basis for paying the remainder of her sterling debts.

Thus the practical solution suggested in some quarters here is to cut her debt in half, for which we would help get support in a conference of the nations concerned. It would be done on the basis that: (1) Britain bought on a highly inflated market in India and the Near East and elsewhere. (2) Britain was fighting their war as well as her own. (3) Her own dominions got the advantage in selling her goods while her production was geared to war.

With her debt scaled down to $7,000,000,000, Britain then could make down payments immediately *in dollars*, trying to get away from the dollar pool. Then, the debtor nations would agree on an amortization period of fifty years, with no interest.

For this, she would need $2,000,000,000. For reconstruction of her industry, and to get into peacetime economy, and in the immediate period to buy food and other things which the British people need badly now that lend-lease is gone, she needs $4,000,000,000. This should last for three years, at the end of which time she would be on her feet. And that nephew of his Mr. Knutson told about so feelingly, shortly before his scheduled vote against allowing unemployment compensation to seamen—a nephew who was torpedoed twice but shipped out again immediately—that nephew could bring up a grand-nephew of Mr. Knutson's with far less certainty of having to go to war some day.

Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson, speaking gently but apparently in the hope that the congressional fire-eaters would cease demanding that Britain give up all her implements of economic warfare and then wait and see if we would give her a nickel, pointed out that tariffs would be discussed later at an international conference. The British position in the present transitional period he described as "very serious." Whatever is done at the Anglo-American conference will presuppose action in the trade field generally the object of which would be to bring greater volume and freer world trade, he said.

## War Babies

**"Next time, Alfie, you'll be more careful."**

London Daily Worker



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# KINGS, QUEENS AND SOVIETS

**By ALFRED KREYMBORG**

IN THE first international sporting event since the opening and close of World War II, a strong American team of chess players was defeated by a stronger team of Russian chess players by the overwhelming score of fifteen and a half to four and a half. Surely before the match no man on either side of the Atlantic would have predicted such a debacle, especially in view of the American record in international chess before this event. In 1931 (Prague), 1933 (Folkestone), 1935 (Warsaw), 1937 (Stockholm), in Olympic contests with teams representing nations from all over Europe and South America, the American five-men team won the championship. However, our victory wasn't absolute. The Soviet Union didn't participate.

Oddly enough, in the recent radio match, our side had six of the experts who took part in the early matches: Reshevsky, Fine, Horowitz, Kashdan, Steiner, and Kupchik. And in place of our late national champion, Frank J. Marshall, we had the radiant Denker, our present champion. On the other three boards we had the tough Manhattan champion, Pinkus, the scholarly Santasiere, and the most brilliant of our younger players, Private Seidman. We would certainly miss Simonson and Dake, both of whom were in service, yet even so the team was the strongest available, a team that would sweat blood through four solid days and evenings and force those fellows in Moscow to sweat blood as well. The sessions were scheduled to average ten hours per sitting without intermission, with meals brought on trays for the players. All endurance records were broken, even in the chess world. The Mackay Radio System started transmitting moves 5,000 miles away through the Udeman Code with its four-letter words. Early in the proceedings we discovered that one of the Moscow moves spelled ra-pe. This was decoded as Queen to Bishop two, and got a good laugh. But that was the end of our laughter.

From my honored post of inspector general for the American team, or as supervisor of the messengers and tellers who carried and recorded the outgoing and incoming moves, I was closed off with our players, and the American, Russian, and neutral referees, in a strictly private air-cooled room. As an old chess player and former expert in youth who had never lost touch with the Royal Game and its loyal devotees, I also sweated blood in imagination but had to restrain my emotions and suffer in silence. For sheer intensity and nerve-wracking ordeals without a moment's release, there is no game to compare with this one and none in which a man is so completely dependent on his own genius or talents. The luck which plays some part in all other games brings no fortune here. And the rules are clear, exact, and severe. Meanwhile, that old devil Time is at your elbow and you have to make your moves in time with a time-clock; otherwise a game would drag on forever. And once you have touched a piece you have to move it, and no matter how poor the move you can't take it back. And since no two games are ever alike in the long run, the greatest of masters may lose his way for one little moment and go down in ultimate defeat. Chess addicts know this old story and I repeat it for laymen who look upon chess as a frightfully dull contest between two wooden images. Wooden?—the game demands passion, patience, ingenuity, circumspection, and most of all courage. I've seen many a player lose weight in the course of a tournament and take on ghostly pallor in victory or defeat.

Early in the first round the air-cooled room turned infernal. The confident Denker had lost a short game to the great Russian champion, Botvinnik; the incomparable Reshevsky had been outwitted by the comparatively unknown Smyslov; and the steady-going Horowitz had overlooked a combination by Salo Flohr, the former Czech champion. All the way down the line, with just a few exceptions, our team had been outwitted in the openings. How could this happen? The players themselves, in side-line remarks between moves, revealed the reason. The Soviet team must have trained for the match weeks in advance and studied the printed games of their coming opponents, especially that phase which is subject to endless analysis, the opening. No such effort was made by the Americans collectively. Each man waited, as Kupchik told me, for the contest itself, each ready to do his best in the old individual style. The

## Open Letter to Jack Warner

TO MR. JACK L. WARNER of Warner Brothers: Your courageous statement on the social responsibility of the movies as published in the *Herald Tribune* of September 9 heartens every democratic American. Thus far, yours is the only official voice that has come out of Hollywood on this all important subject. As you say, "the chorus of protests that the only function of the motion picture is entertainment has always seemed like childish quibbling." Nor can anyone deny that the film industry must concern itself with such postwar problems as "world peace, economic stability, full employment, the stamping out of intolerance and a hundred other problems left over from the pre-war agenda, with some new ones created by the war." Those who oppose serious films by raising the specious cry of box-office, you effectively silence by pointing out that your most successful films included *Destination Tokyo*, *Action in the North Atlantic*, *Watch on the Rhine*, and *Mission to Moscow*. It is evident that they have other reasons. Their campaign against serious films is part of the larger campaign against full employment and tolerance legislation.

Truly "an informed America is a strong America" and the honest motion picture producer "will want to see the motion picture play its part in exposing the truth." Your *Pride of the Marines*, we feel is an earnest of such sentiments. Let us hear spokesmen for the other major studios. Where do they stand? By following your lead the medium that reaches 80,000,000 Americans weekly can alone measure up to its responsibility.—THE EDITORS.



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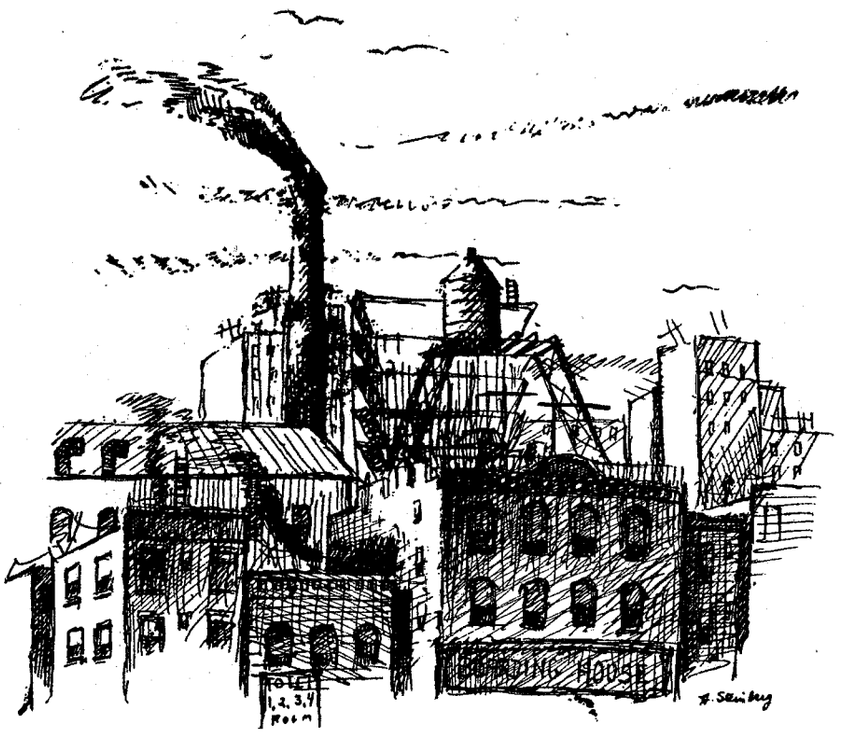

H. Steinberg

result was that novelties were sprung by the Russians, sound as well as surprising, usually through a disconcerting little pawn, the foot-soldier of chess. In the midst of complications, he stuck his head into the breach and sacrificed his life in advance of the attacking host. Given the slightest advantage even over Reshevsky, the most elusive and tenacious of masters, and the Russian adversary, young Smyslov, pressed that advantage at every turn, hour after hour, until after twenty hours of uninterrupted combat, except for a night's sleep, our "Sammy" had to resign, vowing vengeance tomorrow.

SOLID little Reuben Fine, who had twice defeated World Champion Alekhine in a single tournament, seemed to be building a won game against young Boleslavsky, but each time the Russian replied to what looked like the *coup-de-grace,* he made the only move to save the game and the game was drawn. Since Kashdan had lost to Kotov, our total score on the star boards was a half a point out of five! The hero of the American team, Steiner of Hollywood, played a glorious game in which he turned a badly cramped defense into slowly emerging victory, chanting Red Army songs against all demands for silence. Pinkus drew his game against the redoubtable Lilienthal, but Seidman lost to Ragozin, Kupchik to Makogonov and Santasiere to the twenty-year-old Bronstein. And so the first round closed with the score eight to two against the American team. "But tomorrow is another day." We could hardly win or tie the match as a whole, but at least we could win the second round or make a much better showing.

Yet here again, the incredible skill, dynamic energy, and almost flawless succession of moves on the part of our friendly enemies was much too much for the aroused American team. For the first time in his life, Reshevsky fell twice in succession in a game deliberately complicated by our fighting terrier. Despite the deadly appearance of another disconcerting pawn, it looked as though "Sammy" might still elude his poetic adversary. Steiner, in the throes of another hard game which he managed to draw, drew forth a photograph of Smyslov and declared: "Gee, what a beautiful face—he looks like an artist. No wonder those fellows are winning. Russians look up to their artists while we look down on ours."

In the field of this ancient game, as in other cultural fields, chess receives the highest regard by the Soviet state and people and has become their national sport, as baseball is with us. Botvinnik, Smyslov, Boleslavsky, Flohr, Bondarevsky, are greeted with the acclaim we render Babe Ruth, Joe Di Maggio, Bob Feller, Dixie Walker, Hank Greenberg. And Russians prepare for the development of heroes in the same spirit and design through which we develop our own: from a public school system to the playing fields of the nation, and from minor leagues to the majors. As the veteran Kupchik observed, after fighting his second game to a twenty-hour draw: "The Russian players are professionals while most of us are amateurs. We have to work for a living at something else and play chess at odd hours." In short, the Russian master is supported by a cultural system that frees a man's natural talents beyond all economic burdens. The parallel is obvious. What we need over here is a closer collaboration among all our systems, including the cultural. One hears the word "culture" all too rarely among the powers that be in these, our United States.

WELL, we made a better score in the second round, but only by half a point. This time our hero was Horowitz, who in his quiet fashion wiped off the table with Master Salo Flohr. And I'm happy to report that the American team, even after a second score almost as poor as the first, accepted its crushing defeat with the utmost sportsmanship, grace and good humor. It had suffered the tortures of the damned for four hectic days and evenings. But not one member had anything but the highest praise for his opponent and said so in his parting message to Moscow. Similar messages of cordial regard came back from the heart of the Soviet Union. In the midst of his final dilemma, Reshevsky began whistling the Russian tunes Steiner continued to chant, but to no avail. Suddenly, the little fireball looked up at me and said dryly: "You know what the trouble is? My opponent can't see me. If he could only see me he couldn't play so well." There's something in what "Sammy" said. Soviet authorities are already planning an international tournament over the boards to which the American team will be invited. The present match, on our side of the Atlantic, was sponsored and engineered by public-spirited groups like the *Chess Review* and the American Society for Russian Relief. They did a magnificent and altruistic job. But next time we need even more: the sporting financial support of our government or an agent thereof. Along with our growing political and economic cooperation with one of our greatest allies, we need cultural cooperation. The field of the human spirit is truly masonic. And in this field there is no greater pioneer than a game which is almost as old as civilization and universal to every race. Chess is clean, pervasive, pure, and absolutely enduring.



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# THE ARTS AND S-380

## By DR. HARLOW SHAPLEY

*The following statement was presented by Dr. Shapley before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee for the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions in the hearings on the Full Employment Bill.*

FOR the record, gentlemen, my name is Harlow Shapley. I am the Director of the Harvard Observatory. I am speaking today as a member of the Board of Directors of the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions.

To indicate the scope and diversity of our interests, I should like to tell you who the officers of our organization are: Jo Davidson, Chairman, Frederic March, Treasurer, William Rose Benet, Van Wyck Brooks, Louis Calhern, Marc Connelly, Morris Llewellyn Cooke, Norman Corwin, John Cromwell, Bartley Crum, Bette Davis, Dr. Moses Diamond, Donald Du Shane, Prof. Albert Einstein, Florence Eldridge, Rudolph Ganz, Moss Hart, Lillian Hellman, Mrs. Beatrice Kaufman, Howard Koch, John Howard Lawson, John T. McManus, William Morris, Dr. Alonzo F. Myers, Dr. John P. Peters, Martin Popper, Paul Robeson, and Herman Shumlin, members of our Board. As you can see, our Board of Directors and our thousands of members represent a sector of American life influential in determining its art, its literature, its education, its health and its science.

As citizens, although not necessarily employed in industry directly, we regard the proposed legislation, S-380, as essential to the well being of the entire population. The federal government must assume responsibility for full employment as it did for total victory, on the basis of orderly planning for the use of our natural resources and the energies and abilities of our people. Without this, our country cannot hope to escape the chaos and disillusionment of the early thirties. This legislation which we are today considering proposes that those dark days shall remain a thing of the past, and that America's creative genius, whose symbols our fighting forces carried around the world, will conquer the plague of unemployment, hunger and suffering. Our members are convinced that peace with unemployment is a dangerous peace.

As present unemployment strikes, most of the members of our fields are not immediately affected. It hits first at war plants, the shipyards, the mines and the mills. For a time, we still have our jobs. Then our jobs, too, will disappear. For, in our fields, employment depends on a high purchasing power throughout the country. We remember the early thirties as a time when the schools closed, university enrollment dropped, scientific and technological work fell to a minimum, the theaters were dark, book publication decreased, and a general feeling of despair swept the land. We well know that when the cancer of joblessness and low purchasing power is allowed to spread, it hits us as sharply as everyone else.

Because of this knowledge and this appreciation of our stake in full employment, my organization called a Conference on Full Employment this past June. During that conference, we recalled what the depression had meant to America's culture, what it had meant in terms of unemployment and hunger to us directly, and what it had meant in terms of curtailed cultural activity for the country as a whole. We also studied the record of the past few years, of the planned use of our scientific talent, of the mobilization of theater, music and art to give the armed forces necessary recreation, the use of new educational media in film and radio, plus intensified book publication to help train the soldiers at the front and on the production line, the organization of our medical forces and their skills to give us the lowest possible casualty rate, and the planned use of advertising to stimulate the sale of war bonds, the giving of blood, the enlistment of nurses in the armed forces. This is but a random selection of the myriad tasks performed by the fields we represent.

Nor do I think that I need remind you gentlemen that it was the professor —often termed absent-minded—who split the atom and brought victory far earlier than was expected. In another category of our work, I note the item in last Sunday's New York *Herald Tribune* that Broadway now reaches around the world and that there were 286 entertainment units involving nearly 2,000 singers, actors and musicians who are performing for the men in our armed services literally all over the world. These are not stunts for publicity-hungry stars, but work undertaken in all seriousness. Army personnel not only recognizes the need for diversion and recreation but requests its continuation.

AT OUR conference, Mr. Murray, one of the principal sponsors of this legislation, forcefully indicated that the economic and cultural aspects of our work are inextricably linked. Without full employment, work in the arts, sciences and professions will be limited in scope and achievement. Without full employment, neither advancement in scientific research nor in the application of science to human uses and services will reach its full height. Without full employment, there will be but little opportunity or incentive for our young men and women to devote their lives to the arts and sciences. Without full employment and the material well being that comes with it, there will be little opportunity in this country for appreciation of music, drama and the fine arts.

Let me be specific. If there is full employment, then all musicians will have gainful employment as musicians. The country as a whole will benefit, in the sense that more communities will have their own symphony orchestras. If there is full employment, which is a basic condition for appreciation of the fine arts, then not only the artists who will find markets for their work will benefit, but so will the people. Should the question arise as to whether the community wants such symphony orchestras or art exhibitions or whether—as hard-headed, practical Americans—they consider this just a lot of piffle and twaddle, we give our answer.

In Sioux City, Iowa—as Senator Hickenlooper will undoubtedly recall—an opportunity arose to create a local art gallery, growing out of the interest of the citizens in the development of some type of museum. People contributed $2,900 in cash, a businessman contributed the space, rent-free, for a period of five years and spent $1,000 to put in a stairway and a special entrance. The Plumbers' Union gave up



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its usual demand and contributed $400 worth of labor for necessary facilities. The manual training departments of the public schools built furniture, easels and other equipment. The Junior League contributed $1,000. And two thousand people attended the gallery in one afternoon. Our people want art, they want music, they want greater educational opportunities and the application of science in the performance of our work.

WHAT is true of the artist and what is true of the musician—that the more earnestly they contend for their economic security and that of the country, the more enriched is the life of their community—is true of all other branches in our fields. It is true of the scientists, certainly, for the more the scientists are gainfully employed, the swifter will be our advance into the glad future when nature's mysteries shall be ever more completely solved, and nature's powers ever more completely harnessed for the common good of all. It is true of the writers, even of the poor, universally derided poet. It is true of the doctor, and of the dancer and the actor and the architect.

Perhaps special attention should be called to how true this is for the teacher. Because the teacher has had, in the past years, so little security, normal school attendance has dropped off. Teaching staffs all over the country, on every level of education from kindergarten to university, are alarmingly overworked and underpaid. A penetrating commentator has remarked that an individual can live without education or culture—but a nation cannot. What this means for the country as a whole is obvious. All of us are familiar with the shockingly high rate of illiteracy reported by Selective Service. Here, as dramatically as it can be posed, is proof of the fact that, in attacking the problem of the economic security of the teacher, we are attacking, at the same time, the problem of how to raise and extend our nation's democratic culture.

Our conference studied the full employment problem as it relates to our fields. Its resolution endorsed the Full Employment Bill. Our testimony today carries forward our position that full employment is not full employment unless it includes the artist, the scientist and the professional.

The 1940 census indicated there were at that time approximately three and one-half million employed in the fields we represent. The war training has certainly added hundreds of thousands more. In 1940, 133,000 experienced people in our fields were seeking work; 86,000 were on public emergency jobs. I should like to be in a position to offer you some detailed statistical facts and figures. Naturally, I have a high respect for figures that speak for themselves. I think it must be set down as true, however, that with the exception of the scientific roster for war purposes, our government has never undertaken a sufficiently thorough survey of the intellectual workers of America—the writers, the artists, scientists, musicians, professional workers of all kinds—with an eye to finding out not only how many of them are gainfully employed, how many out of work, how many forced by the limitations of their field to find jobs in industry, but also, perhaps most importantly, to discover whether the intellectual population of the country, as we suspected, is declining, due to the seriously limited opportunities for a secure living in these fields. Occasionally a figure stands out to indicate the extent of the problem as we find it. There is, for instance, the fact that in my own home state of Massachusetts, in 1934, there were 20,023 professional and recreational workers on relief or working on government projects. In one state more than 20,000 from our fields on relief or government payrolls!

I have gone into such detail over the lack of statistical information concerning our field, because it is directly relevant to the bill now under consideration. We must put an end to the lack of concern about the artist, the scientist and the professional, as manifested even in S-380, for it is obvious that the three categories of employment listed in the bill—labor, agriculture, and self-employed—do not cover our fields. We are not part of the labor force as the term is generally understood, nor do we work on the farms, nor are we exclusively self-employed. We therefore recommend that the bill be amended to make specific provision for those sections of the population engaged in the creative arts, science and education.

WE BELIEVE that the declaration of policy under which this bill will operate specifically # Paragraph 2 (b), should be strengthened and that it shall read, "the *responsibility* of the United States to assure the existence, at all times, of sufficient employment opportunities to enable all Americans *able to work and seeking work* freely to exercise this right." We were surprised to note in the original draft of this bill that a qualification concerning full-time housekeeping responsibilities was included. It is our position that creative ability and a willingness or need to work for remuneration do not automatically cease should a woman assume housekeeping responsibilities or bear children. Full employment is not full employment when limited to one sex.

And when I read the words, "all Americans able to work and seeking work freely to exercise this right," I am reminded that in the coming months, the ranks of men and women in our fields will be swelled considerably by returning veterans. The Army has taught these people new skills and new techniques; many of them have learned science for the first time in their lives, have contributed to the general store of our scientific wisdom, and will certainly want to continue in these paths. In addition, millions of Americans have learned new techniques and new skills through employment in war industries. Some of these, including many creative workers, will wish to return to their old fields. The provision that all these groups work at the level of skill they have already acquired must also be included in a bill on full employment. Only in this way can the quality of the human resources of our nation be maintained.

This bill is the Magna Carta of full employment. With it as a base should go certain other legislation now pending to make possible the realization of the second Bill of Rights for which we campaigned and voted so ardently in the last presidential election.

This other legislation is: the Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill for the extension of social security; the Fair Employment Practices Act to eliminate racial or religious discrimination; the Pepper amendment to the Wage-Hour Act, to increase the minimum wage to sixty-five cents an hour; and—as an immediate measure—the Kilgore-Forand unemployment compensation bill which embodies President Truman's request for unemployment compensation to twenty-five dollars for twenty-six weeks. . . .

The Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions regards the legislation for full employment as the important first step in this direction. Swift passage of S-380 would indicate, not only to the artists, the scientists and the professionals, but to the people of the country, that our government is alive to the possibilities of the future.



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# WHY SPAIN NEVER DIED

## By HOWARD FAST

ABOUT three years ago I wrote a piece that moved a Spanish vet, stationed somewhere in the south, to write to me; and in the course of telling me what he had liked about my writing, he mentioned the heart-breaking process he was going through. Held back from combat, called a Red, doing KP day in and day out, he recalled the time he had spent in a Spanish concentration camp—mentioning in passing that he had not lost heart then, but it seemed as if he would surely lose heart now.

But he didn't lose heart. Only a few days ago I read a death notice his comrades of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade had inserted in the papers, and there was his name along with others; no field given, no battle, no date, only the simple reminder that he had laid down his life in the struggle against fascism, perhaps in Europe, perhaps on some tiny pinprick of land in the limitless Pacific.

Staring at his name, I think I came as close to understanding the term *anti-fascist* as I ever will; I saw as close, because I don't know how there can be full understanding for us, seeing a piece here, a fragment there, the homeliness along with the heroic. Some day, the whole of it will be related to the unending stream of life, and then there will be a writer and a poet to make stories and songs of it, the way they should be made.

But it's hard to see a thing in the process. Not long ago a boy of sixteen, small for his age, delivered a package to my house. We got to talking, and in the course of things, as casually as you would mention the weather, he remarked that he too was an anti-fascist, giving me one of the nicest compliments I have ever had.

He pointed to a scar on his face; a spent bullet had done that, in the battle of the Karl Marx House, but he was only a baby then and hardly remembered it. When I asked him how he happened to be there, finding no accent in his speech to indicate it, he mentioned, still casually, that his father had been a Communist leader and city official in Vienna. After Hitler, they went on working against the Nazis, but when the Nazis took his father, his mother escaped with him to France and then to Scotland. His father died in a concentration camp. He was only twelve, he explained, when he really had to think and act for himself; and he pointed out, somewhat apologetically, that he had no right to call himself a real anti-fascist before then.

So there was another fragment, a boy alone, yet never lonely, landless, nationless, yet having all men as his brothers—beginning something, traveling a road that is marked plainly enough for him. And in a way, it is all a thing of beginnings, with the end still a promise and a hope.

I REMEMBER how well that was put to me by a small man who undertook to teach me Spanish in return for some English. He was a Spanish announcer who was known as the Major. The Major was very small, not more than five feet three inches, very lean, very straight in his military bearing. He was also a very great man, and the Spanish people knew his voice when they heard it on their radios.

You see, we were at peace with Spain; we had an ambassador at Franco's court, so the Major could say very little. But it did not matter; the people knew his voice. They remembered that his battalion had fought steadily and gloriously all through the war. When the end came, he led his battalion over the mountains into France, one of the last. They knew that at the border he had stopped and climbed onto the top of a rock—he was such a small man—climbed up there and stood there with the bullets whistling around him, stood there until the fascists could hear him roar, in a voice like a lion.

Pen sketch by Joseph Hirsch

Then he led his men into France, and they were disarmed and interned. Later, he and a comrade were removed from the south of France and shipped to a concentration camp in North Africa. And there they stayed, month after month, until that terrible black day when France fell.

He did not tell me the story in detail, because in detail he would have had to make much of himself, and a man does not make much of himself over so small a deed. It was sufficient to point out that he and his friend had planned their escape for months; they knew how to get through the wire and evade the guard. And the main airstrip was less than a mile from the enclosure, in plain sight. When the great bomber dropped down onto the airstrip, the Major and his friend did not know what it contained. It was enough for them to make out the Italian markings; only afterward they learned that the men in fascist uniform who got out of the plane were a special armistice commission, sent from Italy to receive the surrender of this French port. However, this was the moment, and they made the most of it.

They got through the wire, killed the fascist soldier who was guarding the plane, took off, and flew it to Gibraltar, where, somehow, they managed to land. A certificate, signed by the governor of the Rock, attests to the delivery of one slightly damaged Italian bomber, and acts as a receipt for the same.

I don't know where the Major is now, perhaps in Spain once again. The fragments are scattered worldwide, but some day, not too far off we hope, they will come together again. Madrid will dry her tears of sorrow, and from the ashes and broken stones, a hundred other cities will arise, with pride and with dignity.

Then the Major's words will be engraved on more than one splendid monument: "We will come back."

*An editorial on aid to the Spanish democrats appears on page 19.*



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# MATTER OF FACT . . . by LEWIS MERRILL

# MR. MEANY AS CANUTE

THE British Trade Union Congress very firmly and promptly rejected the speech of George Meany, fraternal delegate to the British meeting from the AFL. His efforts to undermine the growing world unity of labor by attacking the new World Federation of Trade Unions because of the participation of the Soviet trade unions earned a rebuke from Sir Walter Citrine, general secretary of the TUC—a rebuke unprecedented in the long history of relations between these two organizations. The British Trade Union meeting was responding to a powerful rank-and-file sentiment not only for unity on a world scale but unity here in America.

Historic changes rarely usher themselves in with the dramatic announcement of the atomic bomb whose significance no one could escape. But a new and significant change is taking place in the American labor movement of enormous meaning to the fight of the American people for peace and prosperity. George Meany, in his speech to the BTUC, was simply extending his campaign to head off the consequences of this change. In doing so he speaks for the entire hierarchy of the AFL.

Unwittingly, the large monopoly employers who contrived the present reconversion crisis precipitated the American labor movement into a new and important stage in its development—a stage for which its wartime experience has prepared it.

Before the emergence of the CIO the trade union movement never looked upon itself as the guardian of the national interest or the custodian of the fundamental rights of both the organized and unorganized workers, or as the only force which could integrate other groups and classes in broad support of the aims of the nation. In the days when "pure and simple trade-unionism" held sway, such ideas were grounds for instant expulsion from the AFL. But labor during the war has learned to act in a new way. It will not forget its lessson in the peace. On the contrary, it is fighting to give such ideas their fullest expression.

IT IS argued that the AFL leadership, still true to its tradition, does not accept responsibility for doing more than protecting the job interests of a section of the skilled workers, and that American labor is therefore hopelessly divided. There is, of course, a world of difference between the strategy of the AFL and CIO, though frequently their objectives and program are almost identical. The main difference between the CIO and the AFL in this respect is that the CIO believes in using all means that can influence national policy and national events. And whether the AFL leadership likes it or not, and though the AFL may lag far behind the CIO, they are propelled in the same direction as the CIO because of the very changes in the relation of forces in the nation which the CIO's strategy and tactics, its initiative and leadership bring about.

THIS is the first national economic crisis in which labor is not submitting to the dictates of the employer. Labor refuses supinely to accept a lowered standard of living and it is fully conscious that its fight for wage increases is not just for wage increases or for itself alone, but is a fight being waged for the entire people. This is one fight where labor will make full use of all its weapons, especially its political action weapon. In this crisis labor will not permit the unemployed to drift away, but will become their champion and bulwark in firm unity. In fact the keynote of labor's struggle in this period, which registered in the British Trade Union Congress, is its struggle for unity. It is at the same time a struggle for new ways and means to compound the unity of the organized workers with all other sections of the people prepared to fight against poverty and fascism. It is a fight which brings labor smack up against the firmly entrenched monopolists. But the quickened activity of the labor movement, which is registering in every trade union, should give these employers pause in their plot against labor and the people.

It is true that despite the new activity of the workers they are still groping toward maximum unity and have not yet settled on the main means to contrive it. But that they will, is every day becoming more certain.

Labor's past reliance on maintaining its unity solely through the insistent compulsion of the economic struggle is being supplanted. Now its broad activities on behalf of its membership, through its political action work and civic activities, help millions to think through the problems of the day in a new way. The result is a kind of unity which does not dissolve with partial victories or crack with the first reverses. It is the kind of unity that paves the way for the whole people to travel.

LABOR has been a little out of trim, but it is certainly catching up on its road work. Its training reverberations make a lot of people uncomfortable, and many a union leader is toppling as a consequence. But labor will be in there fighting and will be able to use plenty of footwork. The stakes in the impending political and economic struggles are vast. Labor knows this very well indeed. It's a new kind of fight, and labor is going to fight it out in a new way,

(*Continued on page* 31)

Edith Glaser



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# WITHOUT CAP AND GOWN

**By ALBAN WINSPEAR**

It is now over two years since the Abraham Lincoln School in Chicago opened its doors to eager students.

The rise of this new school can be compared with another profoundly influential educational development. In seventeenth-century England a group of men, "divers worthy persons inquisitive in natural philosophy and other parts of human learning," met for systematic debate on the subject of natural science. This little group, distinguished in social position, in rank and learning and wealth, had from the point of view of the old order one fatal flaw in its thinking. Its members believed in natural science. As a consequence they were met with almost incredible calumny and abuse. Among their number was the great Boyle, who has been wittily described as the father of chemistry and cousin of the Earl of Cork. At weekly intervals they met at Dr. Goddard's lodgings in Wood Street, sometimes at the Bullhead Tavern in Cheapside, to discourse on natural science and to consume enormous dinners of which the impressive menus can still be seen. This little group formed the nucleus of the so-called "invisible college." They withdrew themselves from the universities and, because of dissatisfaction with the intellectual fare that the universities were offering, and in spite of every opposition, they persisted in their task. Because they represented the historical needs of the moment, they grew and developed until less than twenty years later they became the Royal Society under Kingly Patronage and Charter. And the Royal Society, as we all know, has been the matrix and mother church of science in the Anglo-Saxon world.

The Invisible College, like the Lincoln School, was born in a moment of great crisis. Without the resounding success of Cromwell's "New Model" armies the college could not in so short a space of time have achieved the royal favor. After the Restoration, a king who was "resolved never to go on his travels again" had to be the kind of king that his subjects wanted him to be. And one vital need for the most vigorous and progressive elements among his subjects was the conquest of natural science. In our day, as in Cromwell's, two worlds have been locked in deadly struggle—the world of progress, prosperity and hope, and the world of brutal and sinister reaction. And in our day, as in Boyle's, a new field for intellectual conquest stretches invitingly before us. Then it was the conquest of natural science; today it is the conquest of social science—the need to work out a scientific understanding of historical process and social change. That is why I believe that our task has great historical significance.

Since the inauguration of the Abraham Lincoln School seven other such schools have developed in various cities of the country (the California Labor School began somewhat earlier). In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Newark, Los Angeles as well as in Harlem these new enterprises are off to a flourishing start. It has been my privilege to visit a number of them recently and to speak in several.

The schools arose spontaneously in their several localities. There is no organic connection between them. Each was a response to the particular needs of a local community and was fostered by an alert group of far-sighted men and women who sensed the profound hunger of millions for clarity, for a sense of direction, for an understanding of profound social and popular forces. And yet in conversing with these men and women from West to East I find certain convictions shared in common. One was the deep sense of the frustration which dogs the traditional college in our day, a sense that the schools had not played a leading role in uniting the people of the world to oppose the devastating march of fascism. There has been, they felt, too much of a tendency in our schools to compromise with reactionary and fascistic ideas, to interpret academic freedom as meaning neutrality between democracy and fascism; there has been too universal a willingness to distort and suppress the achievements of our allies in this struggle, to conceal the power of the Soviet Union, to neglect the work of organized labor, the strongest bulwark everywhere against fascism. The obscene activities of a Rapp-Coudert Committee in New York, or the expulsion of a President Rainey of the University of Texas, were only dramatic highlights in a pressure which was present elsewhere. And if administrations sinned through lack of clarity and by yielding to collaborationist pressures, the professors and teachers luxuriated in a short-sighted timidity and invincible sloth. "If the trumpet give forth an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?" The traditional schools have been a trumpet giving forth an uncertain sound as they doubtfully proclaimed the creed of democracy. As a consequence our country was not prepared for the battle. In sinning against democracy, the schools were sinning against truth, against organized knowledge, against science.

Three years ago all of us dreamed of an institution of learning which should advance the understanding of historical forces. We envisaged a place where the people could master the whole heritage of human culture and achievement, "ransack the ages, spoil the climes," mould every human creation to the service of the people, and by achieving clarity could advance democracy and achieve world brotherhood. All of us perceived, I think, that such institutions of learning must operate on many different levels, that for some of their students the full understanding of history, "the comprehension of the historical process as a whole," was possible. We also perceived that for much wider circles of our population such a program was too ambitious and that the important task for them was the understanding of the crucial immediate issues which the people had to face. All of us had the conviction that not only were the traditional techniques of pedagogy necessary and adaptable to the people's needs, but that also we must use and adapt the very best techniques of modern mass enlightenment—the film, the radio, and even the radio quiz. We all recognized that solving our economic problems would bring with it also the solving of our racial problems. A new member of the staff in one school, who came directly from a great state university, commented on the warm and friendly relations in our schools between people of various racial origins. The schools have already played a part in knocking the weapon of racism from the palsied grasp of reaction.

It is most interesting to watch this program of education as it works itself out, adapting itself to the particular needs of individual communities. The Thomas Jefferson School in New York has been most spectacularly successful in transplanting the university and replant-



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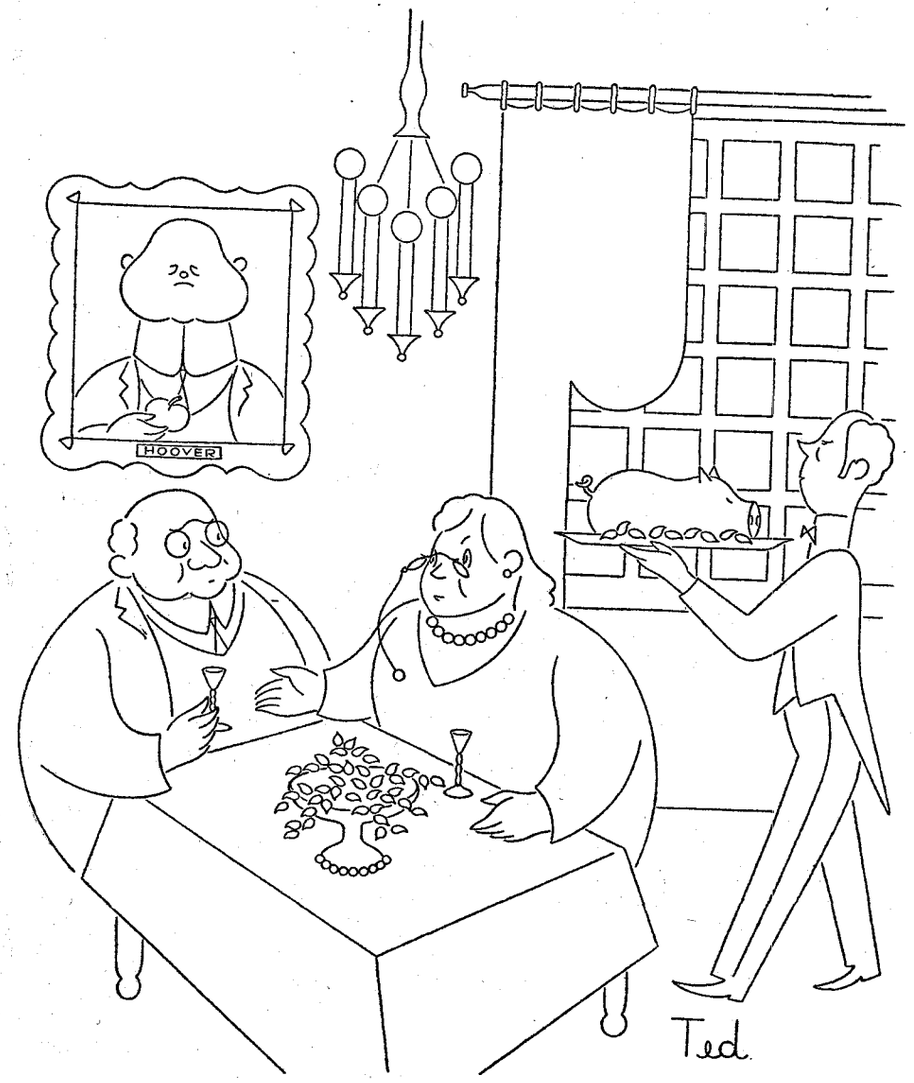


**"Sixty million jobs! And I just put my money in apples!"**

ing it downtown. Over 10,000 students thronged the halls of its quite impressive building in the first year of its existence. The curriculum could compare favorably with the liberal arts curriculum of any small college in the country.

The Abraham Lincoln School, though not as well populated in its downtown center, is particularly proud of its success in bringing the issues of the day before the broadest segments of the Chicago community. Its program of extension classes is impressive, conducted from one end of Chicagoland to the other—in union halls, in $50,000 homes, as well as "back of the yards." Its program of film education is meeting with the warmest response, and its large symposiums, bringing together many points of view within national unity on the burning issues of the day, are always thronged to capacity and beyond. All the schools realize that if the people will not or cannot come to the school, the school must go to the people, find them where they are, meet them on their own level of development, and give them a glimpse of the splendor of the promised land that lies before them. The People's Educational Institute in Los Angeles, modelling itself on the peculiar structure of the Los Angeles and Hollywood community, has been peculiarly adaptable in this effort to bring the school to the people. All these schools appreciate fully the role and significance of art. In both the Samuel Adams School at Boston and the Philadelphia school I found impressive displays of paintings adding warmth and color to the really delightful headquarters in which the schools were operated. There is widespread realization in the minds of those who plan and direct these institutions that man is not pure intellect—in Aristotle's words "pure intellect moves nothing"—and that the whole complex structure of human nature, "thought and feeling and soul and sense," must be mobilized for the defense of democracy. Fun, too, can be a weapon.

One or two of the schools have made the revolutionary discovery that in the hot summer months people like to swim, dance, fish, sing, or just lie in the sun. The Abraham Lincoln School rents spacious fraternity houses at Madison, Wisconsin, on the lovely shores of Lake Mendota. The Jefferson School operates a summer camp in the mountains. Here is a vacation with a difference, the best of good times and education too. In all the schools I visited I felt a warm and friendly atmosphere; students, teachers and administration bound together in pursuit of a common goal. At all the schools it was pleasant to see throngs of happy yet purposeful people singing or folk dancing, or just dancing or just getting acquainted. In these schools the traditional faith of the teacher classically expressed by Aristotle that all men by nature yearn to know, finds its expression and reinforcement.

IT WAS not to be expected that such a program of education would commend itself to all segments of our democratic society with equal speed. Old prejudices die hard. But as the coalition of the United Nations has gained unity, power and strength, so increasing segments of our democratic population have rallied to the support of these new ventures. Groups that had first held aloof are now, timidly in some cases, boldly in others, lending their support. The fear of our allies is beginning to ebb as men of good will increasingly find that in the victory of the people over fascism there is no room for fear but that as we attain the unity of the progressive forces, we can go forward with confidence to aid in the solution of the social and economic problems of all the people everywhere. This developing self-confidence provides the atmosphere in which truth can be advanced and the study of society can be made scientific.

*Professor Winspear is the director of the Abraham Lincoln School in Chicago. He is a distinguished classical scholar, a graduate of Queens University, Canada, and a one time Rhodes scholar at Oxford. He taught classics at Queens University and the University of Wisconsin, from which he resigned to become the director of the Abraham Lincoln School. He is the author of "The Genesis of Plato's Thought," "Who Is Socrates?" and "Augustus and the Reconstruction of Roman Society and Government."*



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# AUSTRIA ON THE UPGRADE

**By ALBERT WIENER**

THE small city of Rosenheim, Bavaria, will long be remembered, not because that brute, Goering, was born there, but because it witnessed the most atrocious blundering on the part of our AMG. For the latter appointed to the post of burgomaster an attorney for big business and industry who has been a dues-paying member of Himmler's Elite Guard (SS) since 1933. Requested by the city's anti-fascists to oust the Nazi, the American military governor refused to do so, although a staunch anti-fascist who had been twice sent to Dachau for resistance to the Nazis was available for the post.

Similar lack of insight was shown by the Western Allies in Austria as well. Austria is now divided into four zones of occupation. Russia took over Lower Austria and Burgenland; Great Britain Styria and Carinthia; France Tyrol and Vorarlberg; while Upper Austria and Salzburg are administered by the Americans. Vienna is divided into three zones of occupation, ruled by the British, the Americans, and the Russians. Field Marshal Alexander's announcement, made on behelf of the Allied troops, that the Allies had come as "victors, inasmuch as Austria waged war as an integral part of Germany," was resented by democratic Austrians abroad because the statement is in direct contradiction to the Moscow Declaration of November 1943, in which Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States agreed that "Austria, the first free country to fall a victim of Hitlerite aggression, shall be liberated from German domination." The dictum is also unwise in that it is grist to the mill of the Nazis who repeatedly warned the Austrians that they would be treated harshly by the United Nations.

And there are plenty of Nazis left in Western Allied-occupied Austria, which was always a hotbed of reaction and where the process of cleansing the country seems to develop infinitely more slowly than in Eastern, Russian-occupied Austria. Around Salzburg, for example, the Nazis sport leather shorts and white stockings, which was their "uniform" between the summer of 1933 and March 1938, when their party was outlawed. Many Elite Guard men infest the countryside: they wear civilian clothes, but are recognizable by their SS boots. In these parts of the country there are constant clashes between reactionary Catholic clergy and the left elements, with the latter demanding that clergymen who have favored Nazism be removed. The priests have publicly attacked Russian occupation forces, whom they accuse of bringing in "Communist agitators." Naturally, the Nazis watch this split with glee. But no word has come to the effect that the Western Allies did anything to round up all Nazis still at large and to stop the anti-Russian intrigues.

Under these circumstances, everyone concerned with our winning the peace will hail the establishment of Karl Renner's Provisional Government in Vienna as an important step forward. Even though Vienna recently was divided into three zones of occupation, reports from the city indicate that the Viennese of all zones consider the Renner group *their* rightful government. Vienna's role as a cultural center and the achievements of the city administration of 1919 to 1934 in the fields of housing, health and education are known all over the world. Vienna's industrial suburbs—especially Floridsdorf, known for the heroic resistance of its workers to Dollfuss' guns in the revolt of February 1934—produced a great variety of finished goods, including metal wares, textiles, and fashion articles. The industrial centers of Lower Austria (Wiener-Neustadt, St. Poelten) were overwhelmingly Social Democratic and Communist. Most of the members of Renner's Provisional Government hail from the eastern part of Austria—for example, the Minister of the Interior, Franz Honner, a miner from Gruenbach am Schneeberg, where he was Communist alderman for several years. By contrast, the western part of Austria is chiefly mountainous, with little arable land, and is sparsely populated. It has contributed comparatively little to Austria's economic life, save for the tourist traffic. Social progress was rather low there.

THE fact that the Austrians were able to proffer within two weeks of Vienna's liberation by the Red Army a decidedly democratic, well-balanced administration of their own, without any foreign interference, seems to prove to me two things: first, that the common people of Europe will generally do the right thing, if left alone; second, that we all underestimated the Austrian underground. Actually, this underground had excellent training. The Socialists and Communists who led the fight against the German invaders in the underground had been already outlawed under the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg regime and developed their secret party machine long before the Anschluss. Members of the *Republikanischer Schutzbund*, the Socialist Party militia, and prominent labor leaders had fled abroad after the ill-fated revolt of February 1934, and some of them, like the aforementioned Honner, clandestinely returned to Nazi-occupied Austria to organize the resistance.

At first it was only the ever-increasing anger about the arrogant Germans who treated the Austrians as condescendingly as a Colonel Blimp would treat Bushmen, that united the disparate elements into a common anti-Nazi front, which hampered the Nazi war effort by desertions to the Allies, sabotage in the factories and food riots. As Vienna was gradually reduced to the status of a provincial city, the federal states were deprived of their historic privileges of self-administration. Most administrative posts were filled by Germans and nearly all big Austrian enterprises were turned over to German firms. The Austrian National Bank was liquidated and the gold reserves moved to Berlin. The families of German Nazis occupied the apartments vacated by Jews shipped to the death camps, and by the families of Austrian soldiers dying for Hitler's glory in Norway, France or Russia. All this made Austria a volcano, kept from a quick eruption by the presence of SS divisions.

In the course of time the political setup of Austria's underground underwent changes, too. In 1942, representatives of the major parties met clandestinely in order to find a common ground. The complete story of the genesis of Austria's national front is not yet known, but Renner's cabinet can be traced back to these early attempts of finding a common democratic basis, and several of his colleagues were active in the underground.

Whatever mistakes the Austrian anti-Nazis may have made in the beginning of their seven years of Nazi oppression, they redeemed themselves through their



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behavior at the end of this era of tribulation. "The Austrian population meets the Red Army as liberators from the fascist yoke," an editorial in *Pravda* stated: "The best representatives of the Austrian people are taking an active part in partisan struggle against the Hitlerite invaders, killing the hated fascist ringleaders and preventing the Germans from destroying their cities and industrial enterprises."

Hence, it is not surprising that the Russians permitted the Austrians a great amount of self-rule and that they did not interfere when the Austrians chose their own government. Anyone familiar with Dr. Karl Renner's background will admit that, had the Russians wished to impose their own political philosophy on Austria, they would not have chosen him to head the government. His history alone proves that he was not handpicked by the Soviets. Renner, who belonged to the right wing of the Social Democratic Party, is now a man of seventy-five. After having been a Member of Parliament for a decade, he was Chancellor of the Austrian Republic from November 1918 to June 1920, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs until October 1920, and President of the Austrian Parliament from 1931 to 1933; a liberal rather than a revolutionary, this farmer's son got along quite well with the conservatives, yet was respected by his party colleagues because of his scholarly background. Like many Austrian Social Democrats Renner was an advocate of Anschluss to the Reich—though not Hitler's Germany. He has abandoned his Pan-German leanings, I am sure, in the past few years.

RENNER and his cabinet—consisting of four Social Democrats, four representatives of the Austrian People's Party (which is the new name for the more democratic wing of the Christian Social Party), three Communists, and two nonpartisan experts—has not been idle since its establishment last April. In a number of broadcasts the government stated that Austria was a free and independent republic, that the constitution of 1920 was restored and the Anschluss forced upon the Austrian people in 1938 was void, that the fundamental democratic laws guaranteeing full rights to all citizens regardless of status, religion, nationality, race and sex were valid again; that Austria claimed her frontiers of 1933 and also laid claim to the non-Italian speaking parts of South Tyrol.

The most important job to be done is the purge of the judiciary and the punishment of the Nazi war criminals. Declared the Minister of Justice, Dr. Josef Geroe, who spent many months in Nazi concentration camps: "The first task will be the abrogation of the Nuremberg laws and those for entailment of property [this refers to the German *Erbhofgesetz*, according to which certain farms could not be sold and, consequently, were not able to get any credit]; the second is to make restitution for injustices committed by the Nazis against the Austrian people. Here must be included the restoration of Aryanized property, the return to the Church of confiscated funds, the acquittal of innocent persons who were incarcerated for alleged political offenses, and the freezing of property held by those emigrants who entered the country during the last few years [this refers to the Germans from the Reich]. Persons guilty of Nazi crimes will find no leniency before the law and for all their crimes they will pay just retribution."

In this connection the new law should be mentioned which (1) makes any attempt to revitalize the outlawed National Socialist Party a crime punishable by death; (2) orders the registration of all persons who between July 1, 1933 and July 27, 1945 were members of the Nazi Party; and (3) considers those Austrians who belonged to the party between July 1, 1933 and March 30, 1938, as traitors who will receive prison terms ranging from ten to fifty years, while their property will be confiscated.

Many other important jobs lie ahead. There is the question of nationalizing the key industries, the transportation and banking system; the reconstruction of Austrian industry—a difficult task because many plants were wrecked by air raids and many machines shifted to the Reich; the currency problem, and above all, the food problem. Austria always depended on imports of agricultural products, and it paid for them largely with the products of its industries. For the time being, the United Nations will have to help Austria get on her feet again.

Any unbiased observer will call Renner's cabinet progressive, rather than radical, and its program most reasonable. Nevertheless, London and Washington snubbed the new government, declaring that it violated the Yalta Agreement inasmuch as the Foreign Office and the State Department were not informed in time of the plan to set up such a government. It is rather ridiculous to declare that the Moscow Agreement was violated since it did not specifically state *how* an independent Austrian government should be achieved, and—as I pointed out before—the very structure of Renner's cabinet would indicate that it is an Austrian, not a Russian product.

OF THE many reasons why Austrians acted so quickly in setting up their own government, perhaps the strongest is that they wished to forestall any attempt from the outside to force upon the people some unwelcome representative of the *ancien regime* or some political adventurers. After all, there was the former Vice-Chancellor, Prince Starhemberg in Buenos Aires, in Argentina; Hans Rott, a former secretary of state under Schuschnigg, in New York; Baron Berger-Waldenegg and Bishop Hudal in Rome; and last but not least, Otto von Hapsburg in Lisbon, all anxiously waiting for their day. Recently, this list was increased by the liberation of Schuschnigg who, strangely enough, got permission from the AMG to visit the Vatican. There are some politicians in the western world who still dream of establishing a *cordon sanitaire* directed against the Soviets, with Austria playing a leading part in it, or of a Catholic Federation, also supposed to be a bulwark against Bolshevism.

Radio Austria gave the right answer to all these reactionaries when it recently broadcast the following warning to the world: "The obligation voluntarily accepted by our government to make every possible contribution toward our liberation means under the present circumstances that the entire people must jealously guard Austria's independence and must not tolerate the formation of any reactionary groups which would use Austria again as 'small change' in the gamble of imperialistic cliques. Our country must gain the confidence of all Allies, of all Slav neighbors and of all freedom-loving and peace-loving countries. This confidence can only be won if we scotch every attempt to turn Austria into a hotbed for reactionary intrigues and maneuverings."

I cannot say that the Renner government is the best possible government for the country. But the Renner group is a *provisional* government only. It will be replaced by a new government after a national election. Meanwhile, no stones should be thrown at it because its very existence guarantees that no mistakes *a la* Bavaria will occur in Renner's Austria, and that in Austria the Nazis will not be treated with kid gloves. The sooner the Allies permit Renner to extend his rule over the *entire* country, the better for Austria.



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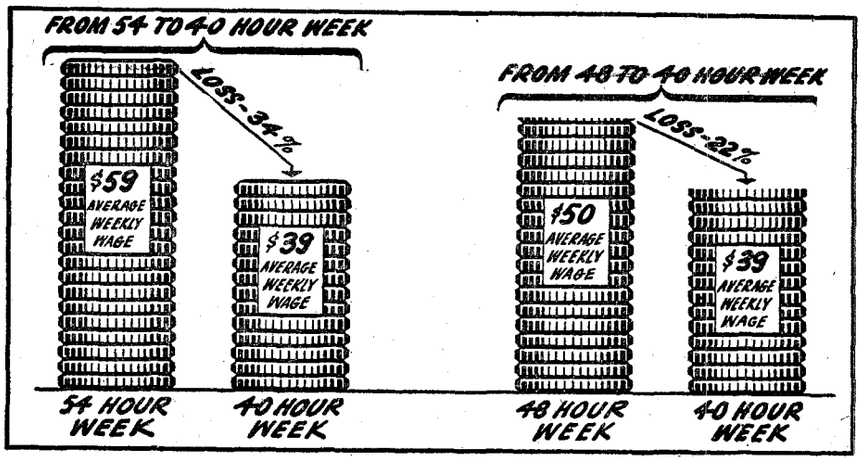


Labor's Monthly Survey

**The forty-hour week means lower pay, unless wages rise.**

# Your In Labor's Battle for Purchasing

MOST NEW MASSES readers are salaried workers and professionals: this past week witnessed the march of giant events bearing immediately upon their livelihood, their bread and butter questions. Confronting each other on the economic battlefront stood the hosts who seek an America with a decent standard of living, and those who conspire to undercut the levels achieved during wartime years. Central was the maintenance of purchasing power, key issue in reconversion. Should that spiral downward, every man, woman and child in the land would suffer—with exception of the economic royalists and their retainers. Signs multiplied that America's masses were girding themselves for the fray, were moving into the heat of the struggle. They confirmed President Truman's recent observation that "the levels of production and income reached during the war years have given our citizens an appreciation of what a full production peacetime economy can be." They were testing that comment and their mounting militancy was putting the President to the test: would he move into the contest at the head of the millions to quicken into reality his own words?

Though Mr. and Mrs. America possess that "appreciation" of which the President speaks, what do they see all about them? In many localities industries are returning to the forty-hour week. This means severe reductions in weekly take-home pay, and its consequent effect upon our entire economy. According to the AFL *Monthly Survey*, the average American factory worker earned a straight time wage of ninety-seven cents an hour in March 1945—this year's peak production month. If he worked a fifty-four-hour week he was taking home with overtime about fifty-nine dollars a week. When his work week is cut from fifty-four to forty hours, he takes a pay cut of twenty dollars a week, or thirty-four percent. Thousands more, laid off from the war plants, are taking jobs at lower pay in civilian industries. Workers' buying power is being drastically reduced. As the government ceased its functions as industry's major customer, the latter must begin selling to consumers to keep in motion America's giant productive plant (whose output increased by about 100 percent in the war years). In peacetime consumers buy the major part of all American products. American wage and small salaried workers buy three-quarters of all consumer goods and services sold on the American market. If they cannot buy medical attention, tickets to the movies, life insurance policies, and so on, the entire range of white collar and professional circles are immediately affected. And shortly, the latter will find themselves in the same economic vortex with the industrial workers. This indisputable fact is a central reason for NEW MASSES' program, and accounts for our desire to weld the unity of middle-class and working-class.

The New York *Times* financial section of Sunday, September 19, gauged the trend we note above: it saw "a slowing down in trade which represents loss in purchasing power" about which Mr. Truman showed concern in his message to Congress. Department store sales, a fairly accurate index, showed a downward trend. "Six of the reporting reserve banks posted declines, with the Kansas City area down ten percent . . . the recent trend in trade also suggests that consumer buying is more cautious." This should be a signal of warning to those who forecast a vast buying impulse out of working-class war-time savings, a factor greatly exaggerated by many Big Business economists.

Keenly aware of these realities, a number of the greatest CIO and other unions, about five million strong in auto, steel, electrical, rubber and others, announced drives for substantial increases in pay to overcome the drastic cuts in take-home pay. Some asked for two dollars a day increases, others thirty percent. Certain non-CIO unions, like the railway craft unions of the AFL, moved in similar direction. Still others like the AFL Painters of New York, and several hundred thousands throughout the land, were already on strike to safeguard their wage and working standards.

As we go to press, events are moving with express train speed. Henry Ford has shut down his giant works to bypass the UAW campaign for the thirty per-



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cent increase. The Ford tactic was regarded as the opening shot of Big Business against labor's drive to protect its standards. Westinghouse Electric seized upon a company-union-inspired strike of some of its white-union-inspired H pretext to lock out its production workers who press for a two-dollar-a-day wage increase. One could prophesy, with some degree of certainty, that Big Business would move on a united scale nationally to buck labor's requirements.

# Stake Power

This demands today, if ever, the fullest coordination of labor's tactics and strategy.

THIS was the picture throughout the nation: what do we see among the people's "representatives" in Congress? There we witness reflections of the scene throughout the country: reaction, typefied by such worthies as Senator Taft and Vandenberg is fighting tooth and nail against the Kilgore jobless compensation bill which provides twenty-five dollars a week for twenty-six weeks to the unemployed. In a narrower vote than expected, considering the hidebound nature of the members of the Senate Finance Committee, the reactionaries, by a ten to eight vote, succeeded in paring down the essential provisions of this bill. President Truman had sent a memorandum expressing a willingness to compromise on the twenty-five-dollar-a-week imperative—and the masses of the country were directing questions to him. If Taft and Vandenberg win out, no federal funds will be used to supplement state benefit payments—they will only be used to extend the duration of benefits to a maximum of twenty-six weeks. Labor has not taken this lying down: it expects such men as Senator Mead and others to lead the fight from the floor this week to restore the twenty-five dollar level. And the greatest delegations of workers in years are on their way to Washington to make their physical presence palpable in the Senate halls as the Senators argue.

●

THE need to halt and reverse the steady decline in purchasing power is the biggest argument for NEW MASSES' 15 plus 15 plan. This plan, if adopted, would at once begin pumping billions of dollars into the hands of those who need them most. Those billions would be spent on the farms, in the butcher shops, the clothing stores, the doctors' and dentists' offices of the nation. They would buy more radios, more refrigerators, more washing machines, more of all sorts of household goods.

Readers of NEW MASSES are already familiar with the details of NM's plan. More than $30,000,000,000 of war funds are being saved as a result of the Japanese surrender. We propose that those thirty billions be used to help bolster purchasing power, create jobs, and prevent the rising tide of unemployment from becoming a raging flood. NM's proposal cannot do that alone, but only in combination with such essential measures as the Murray-Patman full employment bill, the Kilgore-Forand twenty-five dollars for twenty-six weeks unemployment insurance bill, a permanent FEPC, etc. Specifically, we suggest that $15,000,000,000 be used to provide severance pay for workers who lose their jobs and increased demobilization pay for servicemen, and $15,000,000,000 for public works such as hospitals, schools, roads, flood control, rural electrification, sanitation facilities, etc. This is what NEW MASSES urged in a recent wire to Chairman Clarence Cannon of the House Appropriations Committee.

NM's proposal as part of a larger program has been endorsed by men like William Sentner, vice president of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers-CIO, Lewis Merrill, president of the United Office and Professional Workers, Councilman Michael Quill, president of the Transport Workers Union, Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, Bernard Segal, executive director of the Social Service Employes Union, Councilman Benjamin Davis, Jr., and the editors of two Negro weeklies, Doxey Wilkerson of the *People's Voice* and Ludlow Werner of the New York *Age*.

The question now is: how can it be put across? Neither NM's plan nor the other proposals of the labor and progressive movement will get past first base unless the members of Congress feel the prod of the people. Below we publish an action coupon. Cut it out and mail it to your Congressman.

We'd also like you to drop us a postcard or letter telling us you've mailed the coupon and giving us the name of your Congressman. In this way we can check on the various Congressmen through our Washington office.

## 15 Plus 15

THIRTY billion dollars in war funds are being saved as a result of the Japanese surrender. I favor using them to bolster purchasing power, create jobs and combat threatening depression as follows: $15,000,000,000 for severance pay and increased demobilization pay, $15,000,000,000 for immediate public works. I urge you to support this proposal as well as other essential measures such as the Murray-Patman full employment bill, the Kilgore-Forand unemployment insurance bill, a permanent FEPC, the Pepper 65-cent-an-hour minimum wage bill, the Wagner-Ellender housing bill, the Wagner-Murray-Dingell social security bill, and the amendments to liberalize the GI Bill of Rights.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

*(Cut out and mail to your Congressman)*



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# MAC ARTHUR WHITEWASHES

**By THE EDITORS**

GENERAL MACARTHUR twice within the span of a week tried to defend and explain his policies in Japan. Both statements were lame and, in effect, were nothing but attempts to whitewash his utter ineptness in dealing with the men who blitzed Pearl Harbor and are now secretly preparing new plans of aggression. MacArthur says sheepishly—for a man who pursues the pose of tough commander—that he is rather satisfied with the way things are moving, especially since it will be several weeks before American detachments will have fully occupied the Japanese islands. The explanation sounds genuine until it is closely examined to see whether it is more troops that MacArthur needs to overhaul Japan or whether it is the imperialist policy by which he is guided that needs complete alteration.

### THE KOREAN FIASCO

One incident should prove the point that even with the number of troops available to him at present MacArthur could be sweeping away the militarists, the monopolists, the feudal politicos who for all of MacArthur's hissing against them still retain their positions of power. In Korea, MacArthur's deputy, General Hodge, announced that the Japanese governor, Abe, would be kept in authority for several months to come. The explanation again was that Hodge had not enough troops to do otherwise. The news was transmitted and the American people were aghast. Even the State Department passed the buck by having unnamed spokesmen express dismay over Hodge's plain stupidity. The sense of outrage was so widespread that twenty-four hours later Hodge removed the Japanese governor. Hodge's occupation forces did not increase in size, more planes and more ammunition did not arrive. He had exactly the same forces at his command on the day he appointed Abe as on the day he removed him.

There is enough significance to this incident to show that it is not solely the number of military units that determines every step in MacArthur's policy, but that it is MacArthur's policy, developed in Washington, that determines the strength of the occupation forces and the use to which they are put. As long as it is United States policy to operate through the Japanese government, made up of fascists representing Japan's oppressors, then so long will the scandals of the past three weeks continue. As long as there are occupation commanders utterly contemptuous of the anti-fascist and liberation impulses of the Far Eastern peoples, then so long will their Japanese oppressors remain in power. As long as there are imperialists dominating government circles which view Japan as a potential *place d'armes* against the Soviet Union and as a policing weapon against the desire for complete freedom on the part of Asia's millions, then so long will there be no peace in the Pacific regardless of anyone's most pious wishes.

### WHY MAC ARTHUR FAILS

This dependence on the Emperor institution and the Japanese government makes it possible for a General Hodge to libel all Koreans with his remark that they are "the same breed of cat" as the Japanese against whom they fought for close to forty years. This same dependence on the war criminal and head of the Japanese cabinet, Higashi-Kuni, makes it possible for General Eichelberger to say that the cooperation of Japanese officials will end America's job in Japan within a year. The assumption throughout is that there is no alternative to the Gumbatsu and the Zaibatsu, no alternative to the respectable militarists and the respectable industrialists who out of sudden love for United Nations ideals should be allowed to cleanse their country. MacArthur and the State Department may think that their only responsibility is to enforce the surrender terms. But that is only part of their responsibility because the largest job is to purge and to punish and to fill the vacuum with proved Japanese anti-fascists who have been deliberately ignored from the moment that MacArthur touched Japanese soil. If that conception dominated official American policy, there would no such shameful scene as that of the director of the Mitsui industries—whose owners reaped enormous profits from Japanese aggression—chewing the fat with American correspondents, pleading for American economic aid to forestall an internal Japanese upheaval, and blaming the militarists for the war when it is they, the industrialists, who provided the militarists with the means of warfare.

### FOR A POSITIVE POLICY

The argument runs that cooperation with the Emperor and the Japanese government has saved many American lives. The argument has point if it is only applied to the actual surrender and if it is remembered how many American lives have been lost through dealings with the same racketeering crew. If, instead of attempting to ingratiate ourselves with Japan's rulers, we booted them into oblivion, then there might be a degree of confidence in American policy in the Far East. There can be no such confidence at present while the Japanese news agency, Domei, is given a gentle slap on the wrist and permitted to continue its nasty work after a few hours' suspension. While there is a form of Emperor worship among American military commanders the truth will never come to the Japanese people that Hirohito is part and parcel of the same unsavory financiers who brought them to ruin. Let the Japanese people be told how the Emperor has a half billion yen invested in the enterprises of the Zaibatsu and how he owns a little less than half of the 300,000 available shares of the Bank of Japan. Out of that knowledge, out of that process of informing instead of deluding, the Japanese will take matters into their own hands provided MacArthur does not stop them as he has the genuine Filipino anti-fascists and underground fighters.

Americans at home have already forced MacArthur to issue what amounts to apologies for what he has been doing. But that wholesome and intense criticism has been largely negative in character. It must now take on positive direction in the sense that it will compel American policy to use the thousands of Japanese democrats who for long years fought the war machine and who are now either in Japanese prisons or exiled in China. There are the leaders of the Japanese People's Emancipation League, there is the outstanding liberal, Yukio Ozaki, there are the forces of the Japanese Communist Party. One of them is worth a thousand shady aristocrats. It is with them and the Japanese workers and peasants that Japan's reconstruction lies.



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# NM SPOTLIGHT

## Monopoly and the Atom

IT WAS wise on Mr. Truman's part to issue an order which will stop the sale of public lands containing radioactive minerals and reserve the government's right to mine such lands even though they may be under lease or license to private enterprise. Unfortunately these public properties represent a fraction of the land with radioactive deposits used in the production of the atomic bomb. A large part of them are owned by corporations whose concern with the public interest or international policy is as remote as the north star from the earth. These properties now must also come under federal control lest they be exploited for purposes other than maintaining peace and the general welfare. Nationalization of these resources is urgent. A good example has already been set by Mexico, which last week decreed exactly such a measure for Mexican deposits.

One motive attributed to the administration's order is its desire to keep the means, if not the secret, of the atomic bomb from falling into the wrong hands. By "wrong hands" we hope that Washington has in mind those groups here and abroad which would abuse the process. But it can also mean, until policy is publicly clarified, that the administration does not intend to place the atomic bomb under United Nations jurisdiction. If that is the case, and it seems to be at present, then our diplomatic commitments to collective security are open to the most serious questioning. The fact is that every country either has the secret of the atomic bomb or will have it in a few short years. We take that on the authority of no less a distinguished scientist than Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer who was in charge of the bomb tests in New Mexico and who in an interview a few days ago pleaded for the peaceful use of atomic power. In other words, everyone has or will have the secret, but at present the United States is the only country that knows the actual process of manufacture. Claud Cockburn points out in his *Week*, published in London, that not even the British are on the inside although there is supposedly Anglo-American control of the matter. What is also most dismaying, according to Cockburn, is that it is the Du Ponts who have all the "know how" of atomic bomb production. And the political record of the Du Ponts is among the blackest. Here, then, is another reason to internationalize the bomb simultaneously as steps are taken to make certain that atomic energy never becomes the property of monopoly.

## A Must Bill

WHAT will happen to the FEPC? In his message to Congress President Truman asked for legislation placing the Fair Employment Practice Committee on a permanent basis. This isn't legislation that concerns a special group or groups. It vitally concerns the whole American people. It is an outrage that after victory in a war against the fascist fomentors of racial and religious hate any man's job in these United States, or the character of his job, or the pay he receives should depend on whether the color of his skin is black or white, on whether he is Jewish or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant.

In the present reconversion crisis there are new danger signals. Many companies are discriminating against Negroes in layoffs or rehiring, many of them are taking Negroes back at inferior jobs at lower pay. And unfortunately the labor movement, which ought to be leading the battle against such practices, is not itself completely free of them. The Jim Crow barriers in certain AFL unions still remain. And it is shocking to find in such a progressive union as the CIO United Auto Workers toleration of the anti-Negro and anti-democratic policies of a high official, Richard Gosser, regional director in Northwest Ohio.

Yet in face of growing economic discrimination the FEPC, one of the major democratic gains of the war, is threatened with extinction by the end of the year, its operating funds sharply curtailed by a reactionary bloc in Congress. Surely, it ought to be clear that a permanent FEPC is an indispensable part of the effort to assure maximum employment and a strengthened democracy. Legislation for this purpose has been introduced in both houses of Congress. In the House HR-2232, sponsored by Rep. Mary Norton, has been bottled up for months by the House Rules Committee, from which it can be blasted onto the floor only if a petition now circulating is signed by 218 members. The Senate bill, sponsored by Sen. Denis Chavez, is still in the Committee on Labor and Education. This is must legislation that needs to be hammered into the law and life of our country without delay.

## Lenin on the Atom

**"The destructibility of the atom, its inexhaustibility, the mutability of all the forms of matter and the variability of its motion, have been the stronghold of dialectic materialism. All boundaries in nature are arbitrary, relative, movable, and express the gradual approximation of our reason toward the knowledge of matter."**

**"Modern physics is in a state of confinement; it is giving birth to dialectical materialism."** —*From Lenin's "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism." Collected Works, Vol. XIII, pp.* 240, 268.

## We'll Be There

WE LIVE at a moment of history when a great mass meeting thousands of miles from the scene can become a contributory force in overthrowing the last tottering fascist regime of Europe. The destruction of the central Axis powers and the decision of Potsdam were in effect the death knell of the Franco dictatorship. Any day now Spain will join the families of victorious democratic nations. This is the time to recall the heroism and the cruel fate of the first steadfast warriors against fascism who fought the enemy of mankind in Spain and lost the first battle of the people's war, and to help them repair that loss. Six years of exile and unparalleled hardships have not dimmed their loyalty, devotion or fighting courage. Those stubborn, grim veterans of Spanish Republican armies in France are



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## Don't Let Him Die

GET READY AND ACT TODAY ON ARTICLE ENTITLED "WHITE JUSTICE IN DALLAS" IN CURRENT (SEPTEMBER 15) NATION MAGAZINE. AKINS CASE, A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF WHITE SUPREMACY IN ACTION, REQUIRES QUICKEST, WIDEST, MOST ENERGETIC COUNTERACTION BY AMERICAN PEOPLE. U.S. SUPREME COURT SUPPORT TO LEGAL LYNCHING REPETITION OF SACCO-VANZETTI INFAMY. ORGANIZE THOUSANDS OF WIRES TO GOVERNOR COKE STEVENSON AT AUSTIN, TEXAS, DEMANDING EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY AND FREEDOM FOR L. C. AKINS, SENTENCED TO DIE OCTOBER 6. THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE. INFORM US OF YOUR ACTION.

VITO MARCANTONIO, PRESIDENT
LOUIS COLMAN, SECRETARY
INTERNATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE.

THE above telegram was received by NEW MASSES as it went to press. The facts in the Akins case are simple and stark. A young Negro garage porter, L. C. Akins, in mounting a street car on his way home, either accidentally jostled a white woman or her husband imagined he did. The husband, a policeman who was wearing civilian clothes, dragged Akins out of the car and started a fight with him. The white man, Morris, pulled a gun, hit Akins over the head with it and shot him through the body. In the tussle Morris dropped the gun. Though wounded, Akins seized the gun and fired one shot, killing Morris.

Akins was tried twice in the usual Southern fashion; the first time he was given a life sentence, the second time he was condemned to death. Despite clear evidence of discrimination, the US Supreme Court has upheld the verdict, with Chief Justice Stone and Justices Black and Murphy dissenting. George Clifton Edwards, a Dallas attorney, writing in the *Nation*, points out that Texas law justifies killing in self-defense and that "no court and jury have ever convicted and given death to a white man who in deadly combat had killed his antagonist, with the antagonist's gun, after that antagonist had already shot him."

Shall L. C. Akins die because he is black? It's up to you to make Governor Stevenson take no for an answer.

preparing to fight and win the final battle for the emancipation of Spain. Six bitter, lean and hungry years of exile have made deep inroads upon their health and physical endurance.

Our task today is to manifest our gratitude and political support to these almost forgotten veterans and pioneers of the opening battle of our war. We are historically obliged to extend the fraternal hand of material support to these peoples' soldiers about to advance upon the last survivor of the fascist Axis and thus cleanse Europe of the foul political plague that almost engulfed the world.

Under the honorary chairmanship of Pablo Picasso a great mass rally is scheduled in the Madison Square Garden for Monday, Sept. 24, at 8 P.M. by the Spanish Refugee Appeal under the slogan of Salute to Spanish Republican Fights and Aid to Spanish Republican Refugees. Among the speakers will be Harold Laski (by radio), Isabel Palencia and Richard T. Frankensteen.

## Here and There

HOW the Nazis used the Communist bogey to trap other nations came to light in German government files covering secret pacts between the Gestapo and the police of Poland, Finland, Belgium, The Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria and Brazil, as well as Italy and Japan. The documents noted that similar agreements were in the "initial stage" with Argentina and Uruguay and that relations with the Danish and the Rumanian police were "good." The pacts were aimed at "quelling communism" and other movements "dangerous to the state." The number of these states later overrun by the Nazis make clear the practical use to which the Nazis put their "cooperation."

● The situation described in the article in our last week's issue "The Vatican's Hand in Bavaria" received confirmation in the ouster, as we go to press, of Nazi officials operating under our military government. But the ousters are a mere skimming off the top. More thoroughgoing changes are needed if democracy is really to raise its head in Bavaria.

● Red-baiter Biddle as Judge at the War Crime trials is poor testimony that our government's intentions are serious in bringing the criminals to justice.

● Queer doings mark the handling of the trial of the aristocrat Lord Haw Haw, John Amery, son of the Tory Secretary for India and brother of a defeated Tory candidate for Parliament. The trial was halted while brother Julian, with the consent of the court and apparently with the cooperation of Mr. Bevin's boys in the Foreign Office went to Spain to arrange a Spanish citizenship for John as a means of ducking a treason conviction.

● The Soviet Latvian, Lithuanian and Estonian cooperatives have been declared eligible for membership in the International Cooperative Alliance, currently meeting in London. American press comments were rueful at this acknowledgement of the independence and voluntary status of these states within the Soviet Union.

● Honors to a hero! Captain Irving Goff, Spanish and now World War II veteran, has just been awarded the Legion of Merit for "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services in Italy."

● The New York *Daily News* has begun promoting a new Nazi empire to which England would be joined in a "Nordic" bloc against the Soviet Union. This proposal came in an editorial absolving Quisling. "The time may come," it opines, "after the passions and prejudices engendered by this war have died away . . . when Europe will see the formation of a strong Nordic bloc. It would be composed of countries like Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany and even England and would be set up in opposition to the Slavs."

● Pressed for his plans on the still-to-be-tried seditionists, many of whom have taken his no-action policy as a green light for renewing their fascist activities, Attorney General Clark replied vaguely that trials will be held. Democratic Americans want to know *when*, Mr. Clark.



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# READERS' FORUM

## Defense of J. F.

TO NEW MASSES: I am impelled to protest the injustice of a letter in the Readers' Forum of August 21, by one Robert Rahtz, maligning the work of Joseph Foster.

Mr. Rahtz first makes a vague, completely unexplained, almost metaphysical distinction between "critic" and "reviewer." This dexterous atom-smashing should qualify him for a job at Oak Ridge, Tenn. Evaluation of an industry without commenting upon its available products belongs in the field of science-fiction. In criticism the two are indivisible. Separate them and, like atom-smashing, you get something else—usually hot air.

Mr. Foster, in my opinion, covers both phases very ably. Reviews are the personal reaction of the critic—even if you disagree you cannot condemn a man's opinion in the field of art, particularly if he clearly and fairly states his reasons for approval or disapproval. This is invariably done by Foster with intelligent appraisal. He incorporates the potentialities with the missed opportunities, and the steps forward with the successes. And if he dismisses a plodding, escapist musical with the advice to stay at home with a good book, I am glad of the advice.

As for general articles on problems and development, Mr. Rahtz betrays himself as an inconstant-reader. If all the problems in the film industry were covered by NM there would be no need for the new Screen Writer's Guild publication—nor room for anything else in NM. There are infinite vital problems in *all* fields of the arts. To cover them adequately NM would swell to the size of the *Congresional Record*.

Specifically, Mr. Rahtz mentions four general topics that might be covered. Three of these are: the concept of character, the documentary, and the murder-mystery. I refer him to "Eric Ambler—in Person," issue of Oct. 3, 1944, which deals with all three in as entertaining an interview as ever appeared in any magazine, with a man who bids fair to be one of the most outstanding figures in the movie world. This article touches on all three in relation to this creative personality who will influence and develop them. Other subsequent articles and reviews have dealt more specifically with the subjects in themselves. But I will not deny Mr. Rahtz the pleasure of dusting his own files and researching.

His fourth topic has a good-old-days-nostalgia: the revivals of old films at the Modern Museum. As oddities of quaint Americana they are important in an evaluation of the road we have traveled. Discussion of them would be as interesting, but as irrelevant, as an article on Model T's in *Modern Motoring*. Helen Holmes leaping from a train, Pearl White jerked from a watery grave, Buster Keaton on the receiving end of a custard pie, or even Theda Bara, half-naked and emoting, were not *art*. These were the awkward first steps of a child falling flat on its face, not Old Masters. NM is not a past history. It deals with today and tomorrow. Mr. Rahtz should re-live his youth in quiet content in the basement on West 53rd Street.

As for Mr. Foster's writing ability, I would recommend more of his style in the magazine. With all due apologies to other fine and able editors and contributors, it is the livest, most imaginative writing in NM. Were the whole magazine as readable there would be more cover-to-cover perusal.

MARY GARRISON.

New York.

## Atomic Addendum

TO NEW MASSES: Your stories and articles on the atomic age and reconversion have been interesting, but somehow I have the feeling that the full social implications involved have not been fully appraised or that the economic impact on our civilization has not been adequately dealt with.

Take the item of nationalization of the atomic process and materials. True, the power to do this is given during wartime by specific legislation. However, it has generally been understood that property, processes or rights acquired during such period were to be returned to private interests after the war was over. For the first time in our history, this will not be the case. Not only will atomic power, processing and materials stay nationalized—they are likely to be internationalized.

If it is so important to nationalize means of destruction, how is it less important to nationalize the materials and processes to provide a means of existence? Apparently, free enterprise either has not grasped the significance of this latest development, or having done so, has decided to let matters take their course. It seems to me NM has not sounded the alarm loud enough.

For after all the talk, all the preparation, the growth of trade unions, the increased prestige of USSR, the Labor victory in England, the stirring of colonial peoples of all countries, we find them totally unprepared for peace and both willfully and helplessly permitting unemployment to grow and purchasing power to drop.

Actually, free enterprise (a misnomer) is through. We are witnessing its last efforts to patch itself up and make itself work a few years longer. It probably will be resolved in November, 1946, when the composition of our national legislative body will determine whether our swing away from ruthless competition is to be orderly or not.

R. K. Z.

## Why the Delay?

TO NEW MASSES: I read a letter in your letter section the other day which hit rather close to home. It was written by an infuriated soldier who demanded to know why the Army was so slow in discharging its men (NEW MASSES, August 10).

I believe that I can answer that point rather simply. It so happens that the CO of our regiment gave a little talk on the subject. I'll try to give the general outline to his talk, in addition, perhaps, to some comments from the fellows:

1. If the discharging were taking place too fast it might tie up our available transportation. (Unfortunately, three days after the talk ODT rescinded all travel restrictions.)

2. Men are needed for the army of occupation. (800,000 of them, according to War Department figures—slightly less than the 2,500,000 the Army plans to retain. It hardly takes two men in the States to supply one man overseas in peacetime.)

3. It might cause excessive unemployment if the soldiers were discharged too fast. (The fellows just ate this one up. Trying to repair the bungling of Congress by keeping us in. Very neat.)

4. "I, the Colonel, am waiting for a discharge myself." (He has been waiting ever since 1911 when he volunteered for the Army.)

There were lots more of them, but I think I have indicated sufficiently the show-job the War Department has been doing to keep us happy.

Having been born and raised in a country with a large professional army and a history of militarism (Austria), I have developed a certain suspicion of generals and such like. After all, their prestige, even their very livelihood depends upon a large army. This is the first time in American history that we have had such an enormous army; the generals have licked blood and have liked the taste. They'll certainly do their best to keep us in.

I am not as fortunate as the writer of the letter I referred to in the opening; I never got overseas, despite repeated volunteering. I have been unfortunate enough to have been discriminated against by the Army because of membership in the Communist organization. In my company there are quite a few fellows in the same boat with me. I have been going to a Signal Corps School now for nearly a year—and I have not been allowed to finish a course yet.

But now, suddenly, I am essential and will have to stay in the Army quite a while—probably in the same camp, and still going to school.

I think now, that the fighting is over, we could become a little bit more critical of our



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**"The Gossips," oil by Harry Shoulberg. From Mr. Shoulberg's one-man show at Modern Age Gallery through October.**

own warlords. How about it, NM? An article on the discharge system, that is a really penetrating and honest article by somebody who knows the Army, would be not only welcome, but downright smart. The GI's I know are rather skeptical of any War Department hand-outs. They want to know what's really going on.

A CIVILIAN IN UNIFORM.

## When Is Satire?

TO NEW MASSES: I just read the article titled "Extra: Bialoff Tells All!" and was surprised and puzzled why such an article was published at all. In placing myself in the place of the average American, this article would appear as anti-Soviet. It tells of rationing of food, about "lean drawn faces of the people," "The privations have been terrific," about how we had to lay aside an automobile, etc. The average person reading this will think about the lend-lease to the Soviet Union and other countries and here comes a writer from the Soviet Union telling about the privation in America. It is my opinion that the wording was wrong, and has the effect of creating suspicion towards Soviet Union. There is no doubt about the fact that there are serious problems confronting the people of US and eventually we will have a collapse of the capitalist structure in America, and the struggle of rebuilding a new structure will be long and hard. But the more suspicion the people have about the land of socialism, the harder the reconstruction will become. Therefore we cannot be too careful of the material published in magazines like the NEW MASSES. The average person will remember our campaigns to raise money to finance the war against fascism; and all the slogans adopted during the war, about tightening our belts to feed the suffering people in war-devastated Europe, and they had to lay aside their cars, etc., in order to win the war. And the article in question creates the impression that these privations that we have endured have brought us near collapse. Of course this was meant to be so, but the wording, as stated before, is rather unforunate.

ELMER J. BORNICAN.

Minneapolis.

*Dear Readers: Mr. Bornican's letter poses a problem familiar to* NEW MASSES *editors. Whenever we run a strictly satirical piece in NM we get a few letters and calls upbraiding us: the caller or writer either has taken the piece at face value or is worried about others who may do so. Our long experience with this phenomenon has not prevented us from publishing satire however—when we can find it. If our readers have any suggestion how we can forestall what is evidently real distress among some of our friends, we shall be grateful.—The Editors.*

## Art Again

TO NEW MASSES: I have just been reading a letter in your reader's column complaining about the illustrations in NEW MASSES. I don't agree with him when he says they are not real and I think he should not complain of having art in a magazine when this is a magazine for artists and intellectuals. I like them. I think they are good and I think you should continue to have them.

MARIE MILLER.

Vancouver, Wn.

## Jewish Culture

TO NEW MASSES: The School of Jewish Studies is now open for registration of students at its premises, 13 Astor Place, fifth floor, New York.

Classes for the fall term in history, literature, culture and social and economic problems of the Jewish people will open Monday, October 22. A full schedule for the school year of three semesters will include sixty subjects taught in the Yiddish and English languages.

Of the courses offered in the fall term the following English courses are outstanding: Anti-Semitism, History and Problems, will be conducted by Dr. Raphael Mahler, noted scholar and historian. A survey of Jewish History for twelve weeks will be given by Rabbi Herman Pollack.

A Survey of Jewish Literature and a study of the Origin and Development of Jewish Festivals, Holidays, Customs and Folkways will be given by Dr. Herbert I. Bloom of Temple Emanuel, Kingston, N. Y. Other courses will include the National Question and the Jewish People; the World Jewish Communities, a study of the economic, social and cultural life of the great Jewish World Communities will be given by Mary Himoff. Hebrew will be taught by Sol Gordon, and the Yiddish language by Aaron Bergman.

For further information, write to the School of Jewish Studies, 13 Astor Place, or telephone GRramercy 7-8434.

BEATRICE SISKIND, Executive Sec'y,
School of Jewish Studies.

New York.



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# THE RUSSIAN AND HIS PAST

**By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER**

IN EDGAR SNOW'S *The Pattern of Soviet Power* (reviewed last week), and in other recent books and articles on the Soviet Union, there has been discussion of new Soviet attitudes toward the Russian past. These new attitudes cannot be explained away, as they sometimes are, as a war phenomenon, nor as a mere "official turn." On the contrary they reflect a profound change of which the official steps are the customary alert recognition—a profound change in the Russian's sense of himself and of his place in history.

To understand this it will help to look back briefly on Russian history and its part in shaping civic attitudes. Let us look back, particularly, on the sixty years between the Crimean War and the Revolution. Russia had entered that period with confidence in its primacy on the European continent, the heritage of her leading part in the destruction of Napoleon. From that proud consciousness she was humbled by her military defeat in the Crimean War.

In the national self-examination that followed the Crimean War the deficits of the Russian system were unsparingly audited. Autocracy, serfdom, and its relics, illiteracy, backward industry and primitive agriculture, all were acknowledged as deficits and were grimly proved so again in the war against Japan and the 1914 war against Germany. The discussion veered between exaltation and apathy as events raised or dashed people's hopes. But even in torpid periods it persisted till self-searching appeared to have become a Russian trait.

One aspect of this unremitting national self-examination was what might be roughly described as a national guilt-consciousness. It penetrated all classes; its overtones were to be heard in the acts and statements of even the haughtiest officials. But it was, of course, particularly marked in the "intelligentsia." Such feelings were elements in the compound, so fascinating to the West, of the "enigmatic" Russian soul—enigmatic chiefly because it confessed rather than rationalized away its terrors and its humiliations. These were among the qualities that gave Russian literature its remarkable candor, dignity and depth.

But in certain aspects this rueful self-examination had an inhibitory effect of which writers were conscious enough to seek to counteract it in satire. Lenin himself felt the need to combat it and wrote his famous revaluation of Great Russian patriotism and the achievements on which it could stand.

THE new Soviet man who emerged in the Revolution emerged also from this national, and mainly negative, self-examination. The past had been condemned in the sixty years of judgment and the Revolution was first assumed to be its writ of execution. Toward the past the Soviet man then had the fury and scorn of the once abused and now victorious adversary. It is understandable that his first self-assertions should be dissociations from his past. Thus early Soviet writing is full of co tempt for the Czarist past. In the w k of the best known early Soviet historian, Pokrovsky, the Marxist approach serves mainly to add an ideological coloring to a comprehensive deprecation of that past. His Russian history was an unrelieved monotony of exploitation and stagnation.

But sooner or later, after an upheaval, a people seeks to reestablish the continuity of its history. The sense of the past reenters its consciousness. Confident in the achievements of his generation Soviet man has for some time taken a retrospective interest in his origins. He now found reasons for pride in the endurance and enterprise shown by his ancestors in establishing and maintaining a powerful state in an environment physically disadvantageous and militarily vulnerable. The confidence won by the twenty years of Soviet progress finally overcame the humiliations of the sixty years of Czarist retrogression.

Nakata

THE trend was perhaps first to be noted in the historical novels of Alexei Tolstoy and especially in his appreciative reappraisal of Peter the Great. Considering the success of that work there was no occasion for surprise in the later attacks on the writings and influence of the historian Pokrovsky; nor in the, now, conscious recasting of attitudes toward Russian history. Stalin and Zhdanov took a direct personal part in reorganizing the history curriculum in the schools.

Another sign was the outcome of a joint discussion, which had the character of a debate, between Soviet historians and the theoreticians of the Society of the Godless, on the role of the founders of the Russian Church. The historians won that debate and the Society's propaganda was criticized for violations of historical fact. The role of the Church founders was recognized as progressive; *in their time*, they had served as the missionaries of a higher culture.

Clearly, then, the new Soviet attitudes toward the Russian past were already formed before the war. By the time of the long-anticipated Nazi invasion the analogies with Alexander Nevsky, who had defeated the Teutonic Knights, with Suvorov, who had defeated Prussia's greatest military genius, Frederick the Great, and Kutuzov, who had first absorbed the shock of, and then rolled back, the invasion of Napoleon, had become standard. But the events of the war naturally enforced the analogies and intensified the process of reidentification with the Russian past.

The character of the new attitude



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may be gauged by a popularized, impressionistic, flashback history of Russia just published here under the title of *The Russian Story*.* The author, Nicolas Mikhailov, is a geographer and historian already known here to some for his geographical handbook, *Land of the Soviets*. That work, however, will hardly have prepared its readers for the eloquence and passion of the present work.

The book was begun in the semi-darkness of beleaguered Moscow. Its opening pages were written at a desk shaking with the concussions of German bombs and the Soviet ack-ack. The final sections were written amidst other reverberations, the massed victory salutes from the batteries of the Moscow garrison. The exaltation of faith that sustained the Russians through these dark and anxious days, and the culminating exaltation of victory, burn in the writing.

The best compliment one can pay to a historian is to say that he brings the past to life. This is the achievement of such great historians as Gibbon, Prescott, Plutarch, Herodotus, Froissart, the Bible chroniclers, and has been achieved in ways so varied that it is enough to indicate the diversity merely to juxtapose these examples. While Mikhailov's book does not belong among such classics he too, in a special way of his own, has succeeded in bringing the past to life.

Probably it was the special condition under which the book was composed that made this achievement possible. A historian living through an invasion of his country and writing with the battle thunder in his ears could actively feel his identity with similar ordeals in the past. Writing has then become an act of emotional identification as well as an operation of the intellect; and the emotion is communicated by the sheer energy with which it is held. No later desk work on documents, however effective, could quite have that quality of felt experience. And because of it Mikhailov's book becomes in itself an evidence and example of the spiritual reunion of the Russian with his past which came to its culmination during the war.

However, if one looks here for accuracy or strict historical assessments he will be misled. The tone here is somewhat that of a ceremonial reconciliation in which all grievances, however justified, are forgotten. From Mikhailov's book one would not realize how complete, how long and how tragic for the development of the Russian people was the domination of the conquering Tatars; and one would not comprehend the full character of Ivan the Terrible or understand why, for all his achievements, his reign was followed by the disintegration of the state in the "Time of Troubles" when the country fell to a Polish invader.

But in *The Russian Story* we have more than the fact; we have the reality of the refusion of the Russian with his history; and we have, too, a dramatically highlighted panorama of that history in which the American reader can get at a decisive continuity in the Russian story.

* THE RUSSIAN STORY, *by Nicolas Mikhailov. Sheridan House. $2.75.*

# HOW NAZIS WERE MADE

SOWING THE WIND, *by Martha Dodd. Harcourt Brace. $2.50.*

IF THE chain of humanity can be thought of as having a weak link, that link has been Germany in the recent years. It has been a country ruled by gangsters controlled in turn by monopoly industrialists, with a long tradition of militarism, junkerdom, and universal toadyism and servility—alongside a tradition of revolutionary struggle. In 1918 there was hope of a thorough cleansing of Germany, but the hope was allowed to pass.

Martha Dodd's powerful first novel, *Sowing the Wind*, takes up long after the force of hope had expended itself, and when the Nazis had come to power. Daughter of Ambassador Dodd and in Germany with him during the years immediately following Hitler's accession, Miss Dodd is particularly equipped to write of the leading Nazis, to give a sense of their private lives, their bickering, jealousy, desperation, the clues to their morality, such as it was, and to the controls exerted upon them. But Miss Dodd saw and heard more than that in Germany, and *Sowing the Wind* also gives the sense of the people of Germany and the minimal forces of resistance surviving (or recreated during) the Nazi rule.

The story vehicle of *Sowing the Wind* is the corruption of a decent, weak German, a war ace and stunt flyer, Eric Landt, into a member of the Nazi hierarchy. Hero of the first World War, and with "friends on both sides," he is determined to serve Germany nonpolitically. A Russian flyer, a Communist, a friend of Eric's from the first World War, tells him, "But you've already been tacitly political. Even though you express disgust with the Nazis, you're still serving their political purposes. . . ."

Landt's path leads through involvement, Gestapo threats, constant propagandizement, flattery, and the sense of guilt and personal demoralization into full cooperation and self-identification with the Nazis. He hurts or destroys those he loves, deliberately or by the logic of his action. He is evidently genuinely nonpolitical in his perceptions, and this is one cause of his destruction—he does not see the effect of Hitler on the working classes, and the deterioration of the workers' status as the veil of "socialism" is cast aside in the Rohm purge. To Landt, the purge is merely a gangster act, in which some "innocent" SA men are killed along with some "guilty." Germany is prospering under the peace imposed by Hitler.

It is painful to see, too, in retrospect, that Landt's course is hastened by the official cooperation of other states with Nazism. "All the great powers except Communist Russia had winked at Nazi aggression."

Needless to say, as Landt is blind to democratic forces in Germany, he is also blind to them in other nations. It was always a traditional weakness of official Germany to be politically near-sighted. Landt only awakens from his political stupor to recognize the military strength of Russia, and then he is silenced by Nazi Party pressure.



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It should not be thought that Landt's path is even or without checks and blocks. Lina, whom he loves and who later turns to the underground, summons up for him the image of his soul, but without full understanding, and without the final iron of action. Sorokin, the Russian, also appeals to him. His mother and father mark clearly for him the moral choices. But the gulf boils and draws him down.

It is in indicating the personal sense of the Nazi cesspool that Miss Dodd is exceptionally effective. Hitler's hypnotic feminine spell, ravaged with guilt, reverberates in a scene where he binds a subordinate to him by condoning tacitly the subordinate's killing of his wife. In all his appearances, the Hitler effect is particularly well conveyed. The divisions, hatreds, the flaring, "edgy" quality of the top leadership is constantly in evidence. Homosexuality, killings, threats of killings, sadism, it is all here—gangsterism at its worst.

And it is hired gangsterism. For Miss Dodd does a fine job of showing the relations of the Nazi elite with the big industrialists: "Kraus, the Heinkels, von Leinsdorf, the Krupps—the men who really mattered in Germany, the men who could keep their confidences, their minds passionately concentrated on one objective."

Continually in the book appears the bribing of top officials—Goering, offered a nice bribe, arranges something, Landt too is forced to take over a small slice of industrial holdings. But the infiltration of Nazi officialdom goes only so far, then the line is drawn. We have the power, the Krauses say. You have the political function, but only as a function of our power.

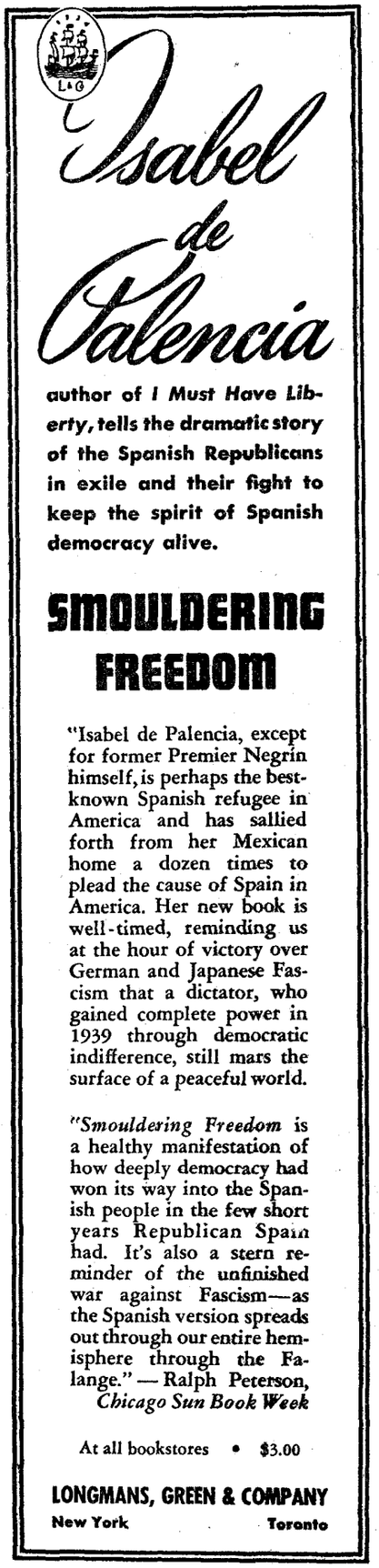
The relation of the Nazis to the Jews is studied extensively in the novel, as it would have to be. Wasserman, a rich Jewish industrialist, cooperates with the Nazis, despite the warning of a Jewish member of the underground. He, like Landt, has a full chance to make decisions on his integrity as a human being —and fails.

Since the main narrative theme is deterioration—of person and state—a positive counter force is needed, and this is developed through the emerging theme of the underground and the unfocused, fragmentary, but existing core of anti-Nazi feeling among the people. In one of the best passages in the novel, reminiscent in its evocative power of the scene where the four privates refuse to pick up the Crown Prince's cigarettes in Zweig's *Education Before Verdun*, the wife of a high Nazi official goes to buy cheese in a local shop. It is raining and she has put on an old, ill-fitting raincoat. At the shop there is a queue and she is sharply bidden by the waiting women to get in line. She hears an idiom "difficult at first for her to understand. It was the Berliner's dialect which she had heard before only from cab drivers. It was curt, sharp, slangy, some words marked by thick guttural accents, others sharply clipped." Out of this line a woman is taken by a government spy, for mourning her son killed in Spain. "The women stopped talking abruptly. . . . The women's faces were stern, sullen, passionate, their bodies vigorous and powerful. They did not utter another word; it was like a conspiracy of silence.

"Behind her she [the official's wife] felt a hand resting on her hip. It was a quiet strong pressure. . . . Peering at the line, she saw that every woman had laid her hand on the shoulder, hip or waist of the woman preceding her." It was mutiny "mutiny of the working women of Germany," and joining it for reasons of her own, the official's wife also had a sense of revolt. "Hand to body to hand again—it was like a curious living chain, of strength, pity and resolution." The "instinct of touch" among the women of wordless contact, runs further in the novel and gives it an important evocative thread.

Positive statement reaches its height in the words of the anti-Nazi English newspaper man, Paul Lindley: ". . . a cab-driver picked me up and took me to a doctor, someone whom he must have known well. They could be guillotined for what they did for me. But they were indignant when I offered to pay them! It was obvious that they hated the Nazis though they didn't waste words over them. They represent a minority of course but there are still thousands upon thousands of such men and women. . . . These should be the people, first tried and tested, with whom we can work later. . . . I say kill or punish the guilty ones not as Germans but as fascists. But even this will mean nothing if we do not at the same time establish not only in Germany but everywhere more militant democracies than we've ever known —prepared to defend their existence to the death."

As a summation, this is memorable, and the world will avoid future wars or not as it heeds such plain advice, not less forceful through coming in this instance from the daughter of a democrat of great courage and integrity. The world had its chance in 1918 to work with the people of Germany. It preferred to work with the big industrialists. A



Isabel de Palencia
author of I Must Have Liberty, tells the dramatic story of the Spanish Republicans in exile and their fight to keep the spirit of Spanish democracy alive.
SMOULDERING FREEDOM
"Isabel de Palencia, except for former Premier Negrín himself, is perhaps the best-known Spanish refugee in America and has sallied forth from her Mexican home a dozen times to plead the cause of Spain in America. Her new book is well-timed, reminding us at the hour of victory over German and Japanese Fascism that a dictator, who gained complete power in 1939 through democratic indifference, still mars the surface of a peaceful world.
"Smouldering Freedom is a healthy manifestation of how deeply democracy had won its way into the Spanish people in the few short years Republican Spain had. It's also a stern reminder of the unfinished war against Fascism—as the Spanish version spreads out through our entire hemisphere through the Falange." — Ralph Peterson, Chicago Sun Book Week
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DON'T FORGET — SEPTEMBER 24:
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN — SEE Page 31



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# NEW MASSES

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## Good War Books

BEACHHEAD ON THE WIND, *by Carl Jonas. Little, Brown. $2.*
"E" COMPANY, *by Frank O'Rourke. Simon & Schuster. $2.*

IT MAY be some time before writers can transform the extraordinary experiences of ordinary men in the war against fascism into novels on the scale of Tolstoy's and Sholokhov's mighty classics. Until that time, the value of less ambitious narratives will lie not only in their accuracy of detail but also in their perspective, in the effectiveness with which the small-scale canvas is related to the vast landscape of total war. Neither of these "first novels" meets both requirements: Frank O'Rourke's *"E" Company* is weak on detail; Carl Jonas's *Beachhead on the Wind* is devoid of perspective.

Jonas, who participated in the landing on Amchitka, tells the story of Coast Guard operations on the island of "Tartu" in the western Aleutians. As the title of his book implies, the men's immediate enemies are not the Japanese, but the cold, the barren terrain, the wind, and the storms, one of which grounds and all but wrecks their ship. A second storm sweeps the vessel off the rocks, enabling it to head home for repairs. During and between storms, the sailors work in the incredibly cold surf, repair smashed landing craft, lash down rations and supplies, and try to protect themselves from the harshness of the elements. "The fabric of life there," Jonas writes, "was work, cold, monotonous, deadening work." *Beachhead on the Wind* should be read by all who want to know the fabric of military life in the Aleutians, for the author is remarkably successful in communicating the hardships of existence on the bleak Arctic islands.

One is therefore surprised when Jonas says over and over that such experiences are incommunicable to outsiders. Between the sailor through whose memory these adventures and misadventures pass, and the San Francisco civilians whose kindnesses baffle and irritate him, there is an unbridgeable gulf. Naturally, civilians can grasp servicemen's experiences only dimly and incompletely, but to portray the two groups as irrevocably walled off from one another is unhealthy and dangerous.

It is significant that, with the ex-


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ception of O'Higgins, an Aleut whose past life and different cultural values set him apart from the group, none of Jonas' characters is an admirable human being. At times, the author speaks glowingly of "the hardihood of the whole human race" that makes these men work on in spite of the unrelenting environment, but it is an abstract biological hardihood, unmotivated by any conscious principles. Jonas can convey an acute sense of misery, but nowhere does he convey a sense of mission—not even of the immediate military mission. Amchitka was, after all, a vital base for bombing Kiska and Attu. And it is a truism that in defending the Aleutians our armed forces were defending America's back yard.

Frank O'Rourke's book describes the growth of an infantry rifle company from its formation a few days after Pearl Harbor till its victorious but costly trial by battle in the closing days of the North African campaign. The men are a cross-section of the American people, fighters of Scandinavian, Slavic, Irish and English stock, an average group with a normal distribution of goldbricks, petty gamblers, good soldiers and heroes. In training and, finally, in combat, the company becomes an effective fighting team, imbued with warm comradeship and a solid *esprit de corps*.

Since the unit itself is the protagonist, O'Rourke's method is to present thumbnail sketches of typical individuals in the outfit, with a somewhat fuller delineation of Lieutenant (later Captain and Major) Dobbs, an ideal company commander. But the characters are insufficiently individualized and never come fully alive. As a result, the novel has a thin, tentative quality that becomes more pronounced in the last fifty pages dealing with "E" Company's combat experiences. The author might have achieved depth as well as breadth by focussing the development of the company through the consciousness of Lieutenant Dobbs, with whom the book begins and ends. O'Rourke's technique and style can use much sharpening and polishing.

But deficiencies in craftsmanship can be removed in time. O'Rourke's warm admiration for the American fighting man, unmarred by condescension or cynicism, his level-headed emphasis on the ultimate combat mission of military service, as well as on the necessary discomforts and inevitable confusions, are a refreshing change from the studied negativism of many young war writers.

The novels that have yet to be written about the great war against fascism


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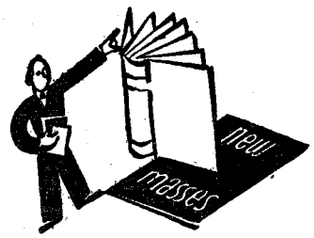


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## New Llano to Kolhoz

COOPERATIVE COMMUNITIES AT WORK, *by Henrik F. Infeld. Dryden. $3.*

MAN's attempts to live in a form of society that would free him from the insecurities of unemployment and hunger have been many. For hundreds of years in different countries men have banded together from time to time in an effort to create such a society within the confines of the old. In this well documented volume Dr. Infeld analyzes the most important of those attempts. Leaving intimate biographical details of the founders to others, Dr. Infeld concentrates on how the groups functioned, and why, in most cases, they failed.

Beginning with our own country, the author describes the Hutterite movement, religious in character; New Llano, a socio-reformistic colony; and, finally, the Sunrise Colony, a Jewish community. Of the three, only the Hutterites still function.

Dr. Infeld then presents the story of the much-maligned Farm Security Administration, the New Deal agency set up to provide relief for the destitute farmers, and responsible for great advances in cooperative farming. Unfortunately, the Red-baiters in Congress gave the FSA farms no chance to establish themselves.

From the United States the author turns to the Mexican *Ejidos*, government-sponsored cooperative communities. Part of the Cardenas program to lift the peons out of their poverty, the *Ejidos* have raised the standards of living immeasurably. The story of their struggles, carried on by the people against great obstacles, especially in the Laguna region, is a glorious page in the history of modern Mexico.

Dr. Infeld's most detailed description of a cooperative community at work is his account of the Palestine Kvutzot, in which he actively participated. The achievements of the Kvutzot have been outstanding and account for much of the development of Palestine to its present state.

Although it does not appear last in the volume, I have left Dr. Infeld's account of the kolhoz, the Soviet collective farm, to the end. All the other communities described are set up within the framework of capitalism and were forced to operate within the restrictions and confines and against the hostility of that system. Many of the failures resulted from the contradictions inherent in this "dual" structure. Only in the Soviet Union are there cooperative communities functioning in a cooperative society. This point is emphasized by Dr. Infeld. The lesson drawn for students of cooperative living is obvious. However, Dr. Infeld feels that cooperative communities, if organized properly, can eliminate much of the insecurity which exists under capitalism.

Despite the statistics and references with which Dr. Infeld documents his work he has managed to make it as readable as it is authoritative.

H. G. S.

## Worth Noting

THE Yiddish Theater Ensemble of the Jewish Fraternal Order which made a highly successful debut, last season, with the comedy, *The Downfall of Haman*, based on a Hitler of the ancients, is preparing a new production for this season. The play, *The Tragic Jest*, is a comedy based on Sholem Aleichem's story, "Hard To Be a Jew." The performance will again be directed by Benjamin Zemach and will open at the Barbizon Plaza Theater, in New York, on November 10.

THE latest selection of the Book Find Club is *Keep Your Head Down* by *Yank* correspondent Walter Bernstein.

COURSES including studies of the races and nations of the Soviet Union, Soviet social institutions, economy, and philosophy and Russian history, literature, and language and a seminar on social services in the USSR, are included in the expanded program of the American Russian Institute in New York.

The lecturers include Dr. Corliss Lamont, Professor Marc Slonim, Dr. Vladimir Kazakevich, Dr. John Sommerville, Dr. Mildred Fairchild, Rose Maurer, Dr. Fanina Halle, Dr. Anna Cheskis Kling, Nathan Berman, Helen Kournakoff, Aaron Pressman, Olga Jahr and Nastia Pressman.

"MY BEST GAL," a new record by the noted Negro singer Arnold Wiley, whom Councilman Ben Davis hails as "one of the cultural mainstays of the labor and progressive movement," has just been issued by the J. Mayo Williams Music Co.



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## SIGHTS and SOUNDS

# THE GI'S GLORY

**By JOSEPH FOSTER**

"THE TRUE GLORY" (Victoria) is the official war documentary covering the epic that began with the D-Day preparations and ended with V-E Day. It concentrates, in 8,000 feet of film, all the glory, the horror, the suffering, the valor, the feelings that made up the life of the common soldier during those months of grinding combat. Because of it, we who knew the fighting only through newspaper accounts, are brought one step nearer the reality of battle. What was once a procession of headlines now becomes sharp, visual experience, Caen, Rheims, St. Lo, Bastogne, the Ardennes bulge, the bridge at Remagen, Cologne, the meeting with the Red troops at Torgau—the repeated hammer strokes that were demolishing the Nazi war machine in the west—are presented in vivid actuality.

This documentary is more than material for the archives, more than a record of battle, or a survey of the instruments of modern war; it gives us the actual emotions of the ordinary slogfoot who did the fighting. In fact, *The True Glory* differs from all previous documentaries by focussing from his view. A narrator steps in now and then to give unity to the succession of episodes, but over each sequence comes the voice of the fighting man—cockney, Oxford, French, and the varied American accents, midwest, Negro, New Yorkese. Best of all are the frequent closeups of the faces, the happy expression that breaks out on the face of the GI when he looks up and sees the comforting umbrella of Allied fighter planes, the grimace of pain on being hit, the mingling of fright and determination on the eve of battle. These are the touches that give history its true meaning for the generations to come.

All the material was filmed as found, without any staging or arranging. But the directors, Carol Reed (*Night Train, The Way Ahead*) for the British, and Captain Garson Kanin (*Man To Remember*) for the Americans, selected the material in such a way as to bring out all the drama in human behavior, aside from the drama of shellfire and destruction. As the Allied landing barges were approaching Omaha beach on the French coast, the camera was focused on one man who kept squirming about for a look at the shore. As the boat stopped moving, the camera caught a man patting his buddy reassuringly on the back, then when the door opened, the tremendous surge of men towards the beach registered the relief that came with the end of the tension.

For the audience the liberation of Paris seemed to be almost as vivid an emotional experience as for the Parisians themselves. Documentaries rarely evoke such a response. First were shown the scenes of street fighting, the skirmishes between the Maquis and the Nazis. The German occupation of the city was cracking apart, like ice on a lake after a long winter, and the French took to the streets with contagious exaltation. When the French tanks appeared and were met by the underground fighters, the unbounded joy brought a lump to the throat.

The voices in the film were selected after months of work by writers Sgt. Guy Trosper, formerly of Hollywood, Col. Eric Maschwitz, British playwright, Sgt. Saul Levitt of *Yank*, Pvt. Peter Ustinov, British writer, and others. They studied the sentiments, language, and manner of speech of hundreds of soldiers before they got the feel of the soldier's way of talking. The most momentous occurrence was often given heightened meaning by the contrasting simplicity of the soldier's remarks. The result is sound and accurate reporting. Here is an example: As the film shows a shot of a GI trampling down a barbed wire fence, the voice of a New York Irishman says, "I'm steppin' on some barbed wire when a guy says, 'Hey, you wanna know something?' an' I says, 'What?' an' he says, 'You're in Germany,'—just like that."

After the battle is over, and as the camera swings over the rubble, the dead bodies, the smashed buildings, the narrator concluded with a fitting epitome. "To the victor belong the spoils. For us the spoils are just a chance to build a free world, better than before, maybe our last one."

E. Miller

IN *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*, Dalton Trumbo has fashioned a beautiful, heartwarming fairy tale of farm life in Wisconsin. It is a pastoral, a lyrical hymn to a life of simple grace and shining virtue as lived by the Jacobson family and their neighbors. But, does such a life exist? As in *The Southerner*, fire and flood ravage the countryside, and bring ruin to the farmers, but these misfortunes are introduced, I suspect, merely to develop the essential humanity of the Jacobson family. The farmers of the Northwest dread the flood waters as much as the farmers of other parts of the country. The silt departed by the receding waters ruins their crop as well. Yet in the film the farmer gives his flooded farm not a thought. Nor is there a drop of sweat in the film. There is a little work activity, but rather closer to a Roxy stage show them the real thing. The farmer's only problem is whether to build a new large barn, or put in some house improvements instead.

But it is not that Mr. Trumbo, who



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has demonstrated by previous works that he has a sound knowledge of life's realities, is unaware of the legendary aspects of his story. Actually the omissions of the more mundane and troublesome problems of farm life serve to simplify and point up what becomes a morality tale around the theme that life can be beautiful only when men live with each other in simple trust, harmony and friendship. The barn of his neighbor Bjorson, which a stroke of lightning destroys, is inserted not only to add production value to the film, but to prove that misfortune is more easily overcome if your neighbors pitch in to help. The village halfwit, and the romance between the county editor and the village schoolteacher, are also introduced to underline various social lessons.

You had better forget comparisons between *Vines* and *The Southerner*, or any other "realistic" film. You can relax to its very real charm, and even overlook the priggishness of Margaret O'Brien as the daughter, and the unconvincing farm wife of Agnes Moorehead. Jackie Jenkins, Margaret's little pal, all but steals the picture, even though his direction-taking is obvious throughout. Edward G. Robinson, though not very Norwegian, possesses the warmth and dignity that belong to the part of farmer Jacobson.

THE third picture of farm life hereabouts, is *State Fair* (Roxy). This one has as an excuse for its existence neither realistic portrayal, nor pleas for the good life, nor even entertainment —except for those who find it in silliness, childish capers and indifferent tunes. The score is by Rodgers and Hammerstein, the same team that wrote the score for *Oklahoma* and *Carousel*. The work in the film bears no resemblance to either of these two. The script was adapted by Hammerstein from the novel by Phil Stong. The suggestion seems to be in order that Mr. Hammerstein stick to his knittin', which appears to be writing words for music only.

ANOTHER musical that has been at the Capitol for some time is *Anchors Aweigh*. This film has many ingratiating moments despite an idiotic plot, that unwinds ploddingly through incredible turns to reach the kind of happy ending that has died everywhere but in a Hollywood story. In view of all its handicaps, this may sound startling, but it is probably due to the fact that the two heroes of the film (Sinatra and Gene Kelly) are little, plain-looking men, especially in sailor suits, and to the fact that one of them (Sinatra) even looks homely. This is not to be construed as an argument for either homeliness or short stature. But surrounded by all the panoply of a lush musical, these qualities in the heroes stand out as remarkable advantages. Another item that helps is the dancing of Gene Kelly, who is a fool with some music and a bit of free floorspace. He achieves real whimsicality in his dance with a little Mexican girl and again with an animated figure. They are worth seeing.

## Records

ASCH RECORDS, which can usually be relied on for something original and fresh, gives us a delightful bit of GI Americana in *Sgt. Hy Zaret Sounds Off With Strictly GI* (Asch 455, four ten-inch records). Veterans and their friends will want to have them around for a long time to come. Some of the lyrics are set to old melodies; some of the tunes are new. Most of the words are by Hy Zaret himself, and the music by Alex Kramer, Jerry Livingston, B. Landes, and others. They include the inimitable "Chicken Blues," the plaintive and immortal "Saga of the Sad Sack," the nostalgic "Counting the Days" and the stirring "Rack Up Another Beer Boys," with Johnny Messner, Jules Munshin, Buddy Moreno, Adele Clark, Kenneth Spencer, and other GI's among the performers.

*Ballad for FDR*—likewise by Asch —is an occasional piece, a recording of a radio program performed over WNEW on April 15, 1945. The lyrics are by Milton Robinson and the music by Tom Glazer, who also does the singing. A sincere and simple work—simply performed—not marked by special originality either of text or melody, to be taken as an immediate expression of a profound sorrow rather than an ambitious commemorative composition (Asch 200, two ten-inch records).

Arnold Schoenberg's *Verklarte Nacht* having been popularized by Anthony Tudor's erotic ballet *The Pillar of Fire*, now appears under that name in the recording by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra led by Vladimir Golschmann (Victor DM-1005, four records, seven sides: the eighth is a Corelli Adagio also by the St. Louis Symphony). I prefer the earlier title, since I still like to think of the music as set to Dehmel's tender love poem—here, as in all concert programs, abominably translated. The work is still too long and garrulous for my taste, but it possesses moments of beauty



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which are realized in this admirable performance.

And finally, we have another interpretation of Brahms' Third Symphony (Victor DM-1007, four twelve-inch records) by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. This version has none of the hectic drive of the Stokowski performance, but seems more faithful to the composer's temper. It is restrained and measured; in other words, it is Brahms interpreted with maturity.

The non-breakable plastic record is here for home use. Now you can entrust it to the merciless hands of your baby, or you can mishandle it yourself. The first "vinyl resin plastic" record, which Victor was kind enough to send me, I confess I handled gingerly. But I can report that the sample of *Til Eulenspiegel* which I tried out sounds excellent and that the surface noises are considerably reduced. I'm worried, however, by two considerations: (1) Why should the antiquated breakable records continue to be produced—as I am informed the companies propose to do? And (2) are these plastic discs intended to substitute for all those sound films, wire and other wonderful revolutionary new devices which we have been promised for some years now and which, I understand, rest in the patent repositories of the manufacturers?

FREDERIC EWEN.

## Meany as Canute

(*Continued from page* 10)

with new power and as champion of the entire people. The maturity of development is registered in labor's growing reliance on the democratic process, on greater rank-and-file participation in the formulation and execution of policy, on the discarding of the John L. Lewis methods of leadership. Lewis, when head of the CIO, caused many a union leader to believe that leadership should be patterned on the Lewis model. Such leadership will be swept away and that is why George Meany, as the representative of the AFL Executive Council, is fighting so desperately to hold back the tide. He will not succeed and neither will the employers.

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